Beaver Gen'l James A Meh 14

THE REPUBLICAN.

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ESCAPED CONVICT TO GET SALTY SENTENCE

To Make Example of First Man to Skip From New Prison.

IS NOW IN JAIL HERE

William Hogan, Who Was Captured After Day's Freedom From Prison Farm Will be Taken Before Local Court For Trial.

William Hogan, the prisoner who escaped from the new penitentiary several weeks ago and was captured at Tyrone after enjoying one day of freedom, will have to pay the penalty to the tune of a sentence that will stand out as a warning to other convicts.

Hogan was brought to Bellefonte from Pittsburgh yesterday and given a hearing before Squire Musser, who bound him over to court. He was then lodged in jail. He will be taken before the grand jury on May 19th on the charge of breaking from prison. It is expected that before the day is over he will be convicted, unless he pleads guilty, and called before Judge Orvis for sentence. The offense is punishable by a maximum term of three years, and Hogan may get the limit.

Hogan's escape is the first instance of a prisoner skipping out after being brought to work on the farms at the new prison site. Other convicts have been too glad to have an opportunity to work in the open air to forfeit the privilege by attempting to escape. Hogan will serve out his old term and his new sentence behind prison walls at Pittsburgh. While he is in a ceil in the old penitentiary hundreds of other prisoners will be brought to Bellefonte to work on the new penitentiary. But he will not be given another opportunity to secure more pleasant surroundings. It is the intention of Warden Francies to make his case an object lesson. If any other prisons escape they will receive exactly the same treatment.

The strange feature about Hogan's case is that he escaped when he had but a short time to serve to complete his term. Originally he was sentenced for burglary in Venango County. He was sent up for a term of from nine months to three years. Long before his three years were up he was released on parole. Good conduct would have soon made him a free man. Violation of the rules of the parole system resulted in Hogan's return to the penitentiary at Pittsburgh to serve out the full three years of his sentence. He seemed to realize that he had made a mistake and by good conduct had himself chosen as one of the first groups to be sent to Bellefonte to work on the prison farms. The temptation to escape was too much for him, however, and he skipped out. He was picked up in such a short time that he was on his way back to the Pittsburgh prison almost before he could realize it.

On Saturday John M. Egan, chief parole officer for Warden Francies, came to Bellefonte from Pittsburgh and made information against Hogan preliminary to having him brought here when court convenes on May 19th. Had Hogan behaved himself when first sentenced he would have had not much more than nine months behind prison bars. As it will be, however, he will have served about 6 years before he is able to say goodbye to his prison cell.

"Touched" Sheriff Lee.

That pickpockets possess no little nerve would seem to be demonstrated by Sheriff Lee's experience while attending the recent celebration of Odd Fellows at Jersey Shore. Before returning home he discovered that he had been "touched" for his wallet, which contained a sum of money and some cards bearing his name. The Sheriff is big and strong enough to tie a pickpocket into a double knot, but it so happened that the gent who relieved him of his wallet was so clever with his fingers that the theft was not discovered until the culprit had made his get-a-way. Being somewhat of a philosopher Sheriff Lee concluded that it was useless to worry about the incident. The Jersey Shore police were notified and a day or two later they informed Mr. Lee that his wallet had been found underneath a pile of railroad ties. The money was gone but the cards and other papers in the wallet had not been disturbed. The Sheriff says that if the pickpocket will call on him he will show his hospitality by keeping him for a few months and make no charge for board or lodging.

Keep in mind the Academy minstrels —May 15 and 16. Big street parade.

CHINESE BALL TEAM TO PLAY PENN STATE

Commencement Week Replete With Interesting Features.

HAVE FRENCH ORATORS

Comte de Chambrun to Review College Cadets—Numerous Smaller Social Functions to Precede Annual Farewell Assembly.

Real, genuine Chinese baseball players pitted against the Penn State varsity will be but one of many interesting features at the annual commencement exercises at The Pennsylvania State College, to be held this year June 6—11. The visiting baseball players constitute the team of the Chinese University of Hawaii. The game will be played on Beaver field at 3.30 p. m. on Tuesday, June 10. If anyone doubts the ability of the Chinese students to put a up first-class article of baseball he might just as well change his mind in advance of the game at Penn State. The Hawaii team has been playing rattling good ball right along and pleasing the big crowds which have attended the games played in this country.

So far as the exercises proper go the commencement this year will partake of an atmosphere decidedly French. On Sunday morning, June 8, at 10.30 o'clock, Dr. Charles M. d'Aubigne will preach the baccalaureate sermon in the Auditorium. Dr. d'Aubigne is pastor of the Reformed church of Neuilly, Paris-France. He is a noted minister and his sermon at Penn State will no doubt attract a large throng of visitors on that day. On Wednesday, at 10 o'clock, M. de la Rocca, counsellor of the French Embassy at Washington, D. C., will deliver the commencement address, which to many will be the star event of the week. The prominence of the speaker and a natural curiosity as to what will be his line of thought in addressing the graduates and others insures for him a record-breaking crowd. Even the military feature of commencement will have a French flavor, for Comte de Chambrun will be on hand to review the College cadets.

Two festivities of commencement week will lead off with the Freshman—Sophomore baseball game on Friday afternoon, June 6, at 3 o'clock. In the evening, at 8 o'clock, a benefit play, entitled "Cousin Kate" will be presented in the Auditorium. The proceeds will be for the benefit of the Christian associations. On Saturday morning, at 9 o'clock, the College cadet band will give its annual concert on the front campus. At 10 o'clock Comte de Chambrun will review the cadets on Beaver field. At 1 o'clock will come the inter class track meet, with a baseball game at 3 o'clock between Penn State and the University of Pittsburgh. In the evening the College musical clubs will give a concert, at 7.45 o'clock, and at 10 o'clock there will be the time honored feature of the campus singing by the seniors.

The sacred concerts will follow the baccalaureate services on Sunday. At 4 o'clock the College cadet band will give a concert on the Front campus and at 8 o'clock there will be a sacred concert in the Auditorium. At 6.30 o'clock the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. will hold a joint meeting on the Front campus.

First on hand on Monday morning will be the Class Day exercises of the Class of 1913 on the Front campus, scheduled for 10 o'clock. At 1.30 comes the Freshman—Sophomore soccer football game on Beaver field. At 2.30 will be held a track meet between Penn State and the Carnegie Technical Schools. The annual meeting of the Board of Trustees will be held in Carnegie Library at 7.30 p. m., with the Junior oratorical contest billed for 8 p. m. in the Auditorium.

Tuesday will be replete with interesting features. The Alumni business meeting will be held at 9.30 in the Old Chapel, the annual business meeting of the Phi Kappi Phi honor fraternity in the Auditorium foyer at 10.30, a public welcome to the Class of '63 in the Auditorium at 11 o'clock and at 1.30 the Alumni parade from Old Main to Beaver field. Trustee elections will precede the baseball game between Penn State and the Chinese University of Hawaii in the afternoon. In the evening, at 8 o'clock, the Thespians will present "The Yankee Brigands" in the Auditorium. At 9 o'clock the Alumni reception will be held in the armory.

Wednesday will, of course, be the show day of commencement week. First comes the commencement procession at 9.45 o'clock, followed by the exercises and the delivering of the commencement address in the Auditorium at 10 o'clock. At 5 o'clock President E. E. Sparks will tender a reception to visitors on the West campus. In the evening the Juniors will hold the farewell assembly, which is always the big social event of the week.

Says Moral Conditions Here are Bad.

That moral conditions in Bellefonte are woefully bad, that scores of girls of tender years are going to ruin and countless youths are drifting into crime was the startling arraignment of local conditions in pointed statements made to the borough Council on Monday night by Judge Orvis and Rev. Dr. A. M. Schmidt, the latter appearing as the juvenile court officer for Centre County. The conditions complained of were not unknown to all present, but their recital in such concise, forcible terms, calling a spade a spade and attributing much to an unconscious indifference on the part of municipal authorities and parents, brought home to Council the fact that the time is at hand for prompt and drastic action.

How to proceed to correct the evils described was a matter which was freely discussed but which was not solved. President Keller referred the problem to the Fire and Police Committee for consideration and report at the next meeting of Council. It may result in the employment of an additional policeman to patrol the streets and alleys at night and send or take young girls and boys home. Such an officer would not be in uniform. When employed his name would not be announced and the fact that he was an officer would not become known until after he had made a thorough investigation, obtained the names of offending boys and girls and forwarded their names to not only their parents but also to Burgess Bower and Judge Orvis for the latter's guidance in conducting the juvenile court proceedings in the future.

Dr. Schmidt made the opening remarks to Council on the subject. He declared that moral conditions in town were so bad that the parents of young girls and boys certainly could not appreciate the situation. He specified numerous places in town which are night after night frequented by girls and boys who should be at home. He concluded with the statement that instead of becoming better conditions are becoming worse at an alarming rate. He suggested that a remedy might be found in the employment of a plain clothes officer.

Judge Orvis was equally plain spoken in what he had to say. He briefly recited conditions which had come to his personal attention. Specific cases before the juvenile court were related by him to bear out his assertion that girls 12 and 14 years old become hardened to evil ways and then are pronounced incorrigible. He made the direct comment that conditions were far worse than was realized by the parents.

President Keller, when Judge Orvis had concluded his remarks, expressed the belief that the responsibility for the care and welfare of children rested primarily on the parents and that where the latter were indifferent twenty or more extra policemen could not prevent girls and boys frequenting dark streets and alleys. He said, however, that conditions undoubtedly called for some action on the part of Council. Dr. Schmidt interjected the comment that where the parents refuse or fail to act it becomes the duty of the State and County or the Borough to step in and look after the welfare of children.

As to a remedy Judge Orvis said that it was one coming within the province of police powers and it was his suggestion that the matter be referred to a committee for further investigation and consideration.

Ten Elk Received at New Game Preserve.

A carload of ten elk—two males and eighth females—was received on Tuesday at Ingleby, two and a half miles from Coburn, to be turned loose on the new State game preserve in Centre County. The elk were shipped by express from Mt. Pocono and represent a part of the consignment received by the State some weeks ago from Wyoming. That it costs a pretty penny to propagate game of this character is indicated by the fact that the express charges alone on the car from Mt. Poconco to Ingleby amounted to $146.81.

The elk were in charge of James D. Garbrick, who is experienced in handling big game. The trip from Mt. Pocono was without incident until somewhere near Lewisburg the car was given a hard jolt and one of the elk was badly cut on the head. The animal bled freely, but by the time Ingleby was reached the bleeding had stopped and the animal seemed to be in good condition.

At this time of the year the elk are inclined to be vicious. Each of the ten animals received from Mt. Pocono was in a separate crate and the crate firmly secured by a wire covering. The warm weather and the long journey made the elk fretful but they soon quieted down once the car was detached from the train and run onto a siding at Ingleby.

For a short period the elk will be kept within a limitedspace surrounded by wire fencing. Later all ten will be turned loose into the preserve. Passengers on the afternoon train from Lewisburg said that one of the elk, a bull, stood about six feet high. The female elk are about five and one-half feet high. At Lewisburg, where the car was transferred from the main line to the Montondon branch hundreds of persons, including school children, were at the station to see the elk.

Suspected a Hold-up.

Dr. S. M Nissley, the veterinarian, makes no claims to being braver than the average man, at the same time he considers himself perfectly able to handle pretty nearly any kind of a situation so long as it is in the broad daylight. When it comes to weird situations in the dark, and especially when the scene is laid in some mountain road, the Doctor prefers that somebody else shall serve as the hero.

On Wednesday evening of last week Dr. Nissley received a call for his presence over nearby Centre Hall. Harry Murtorff, one of the efficient corps at the Potter-Hoy Hardware Co., happened to be present when the call was received and he accompanied the Doctor on the trip in the latter's automobile. Every thing moved along swimmingly until the machine came to a sudden stop in the mountain road, this side of Centre Hall with one of the front wheels astride a tree. The Doctor and Harry naturally supposed that the tree had fallen across the road and being good Samaritans they proceeded to not only extricate the car but remove the tree for the protection of other travelers during the night. They were out of the car but a minute or two when suddenly voices were heard in the brush alongside the road. Tkey stood up and listened. Again voices were heard. Their first thought was that the tree had been intentionally placed across the road and that highwaymen were concealed nearby.

"Sound the alamo," whispered Harry.

"No alamo for mine," retorted the Doctor, "Here's where we beat it."

The Doctor and Harry jumped into the car, the fallen tree was hurdled and the next instant they were making a flying dash for Centre Hall.

At the Centre Hall Hotel Mr. Runkle, the proprietor listened to Dr. Nissley's version of the plans for a hold-up. Mr. Runkle laughed. He explained that the Magee—Huyett wedding was on the program for that evening and that the tree had been placed across the road by some jokers who had expected to hold up the wedding party on the trip from Centre Hall to Bellefonte. The Doctor did a lot of thinking but refrained from giving expression to his thoughts.

YOUNG COUPLE ELOPED

Started to Track Meet at State College—Married at Akron, Ohio.

When Elmer Bertschy, of Wheeling, West Virginia, a student at the Academy, and Miss Helen Saylor, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Saylor, drove to State College last Friday their friends supposed that their mission was to witness the track meet and other athletic events at Penn State. As things turned out, that was but a small feature of their program. When Bertschy failed to return to the Academy and Miss Saylor did not return to her home on Friday evening their absence created some uneasiness. The mystery was cleared up before long, however, a message being received which announced that they had gone away to be married.

On Tuesday word was received by Miss Saylor's family to the effect that she and Mr. Bertschy had been married on Monday at Akron, Ohio, and that they intended going to housekeeping at that place. The groom's father is engaged in the furniture business at Wheeling. A letter advising him that his son had left school and been married was his first knowledge of the elopement.

Revival at Sandy Ridge.

A very interesting and successful revival service is being held in the Methodist Episcopal church at Sandy Ridge. Quite a number of conversions have resulted. The services are being conducted by the pastor, Rev. H. T. Strong.

Principal of Rush Township.

Harry L. Craine, who recently completed a term of school in North Philipsburg, has been chosen supervising principal for Rush township for the coming year.

On Normal's Honor Roll.

The faculty of the Lock Haven State Normal School has announced the honor roll of the class of 1913, the list including Miss Bernice Bowes, of Centre County.

YEGGS BLOW UP SAFE IN HOWARD POSTOFFICE

Professional Burglars Made Escape Without Discovery.

FAILED TO GET A PENNY

All Their Work for Nothing as Safe Contained no Stamps or Money—Report or Explosion Not Heard by Next Door Neighbors.

A gang of professional yeggs—the name by which postoffice safe blowers are known in police circles—early last Saturday morning blew up the safe in the postoffice at Howard but failed to get a penny or even a stamp for all their trouble. So clevely did they operate that residents of the town failed to hear the report of the explosion and it was not known that the safe had been blown open until Postmaster Hall entered the office some hours later. By that time the thieves had made their escape, leaving behind nothing to furnish a clue as to their identity or the direction taken in getting away.

Supposedly the safe was rifled some time after 3 o'clock in the morning. At that hour Dr. W. J. Kurtz, returning from a visit to a patient, passed the postoffice and observed nothing to excite his suspicion. The front door to the postoffice was apparently easily opened. The thieves had secured some tools in a nearby blacksmith shop. A small hole was drilled into the safe and a charge of nitroglycerin did the work. The report of the explosion was muffled by means of blankets. Even next door residents failed to hear the explosion and Postmaster Hall was taken completely by surprise when he entered the office to find that burglars had been there.

For some reason or other yegg men have come to believe that the Howard postoffice offers hopes of rich returns. Several years ago secret service men in the employ of the government got advance knowledge that several yegg men would visit Howard. A secret service man working with the yegg men as one of their crowd tipped off the officials and two marshals arrived in Howard on the night of the expected robbery. They dropped off the night train a short distance from Howard and after notifying the Howard bank officials to place a watchman on duty for the night proceeded to station themselves close by the postoffice. The yegg men were in Howard ready for operation, but for some reason they suspected that something had gone wrong. They quickly abandoned their plans to rob the postoffice and hastily jumping into a buggy which had been stolen drove off toward Beech Creek. At the latter place they turned the horse and buggy toward Howard and abandoned it. Jumping a freight at Beech Creek they escaped. In the buggy was found some water-soaked blankets, indicating that the thieves were prepared to cover the safe and muffle the report of the explosion.

Furnishing Liquor Alleged.

Two arrests have been made in the last two days on information by the local police, charging that liquor was purchased for persons of alleged intemperate habits. On Saturday Policeman Knisely made information against William Watkins, of near Curtin, charging him with having purchased a half-pint of whiskey for Harry Brown. Watkins was taken to jail and later taxed with the costs in the case, sentence being suspended. On Monday William Rine was arrested on information by Chief of Police Dukeman, charged with having purchased a half-pint of whiskey for James Bayard. Rine waived a hearing on Tuesday and entered his appearance at court.

Decision on Sideboards.

A verdict of guilty was rendered in the Venango county criminal court last week against H. B. Krotzer, steward of Franklin Lodge of Eagles, who was tried for selling liquor without a license in the club. The jury recommended the prisoner to the mercy of the court. The prosecution showed that the sale of liquors yielded the club a profit, but that this was wiped out by the cost of maintaining the rooms. Judge George S. Criswell in his charge to the jury said that the element of profit determined whether the sales were illegal, and in deciding whether there has been a profit expenses not connected with the bar cannot be charged against it.

Will be Hanged Today.

F. M. Calhoun, convicted murderer of Benjamin K. Gallonp, will be hanged in the jail yard at Huntingdon today.

CHAS. R. KURTZ NAMED AS SURVEYOR OF PORT

Editor of Centre Democrat Finally Lands $5000 Job.

WILL MOVE TO PHILA.

Name Sent to Senate by President Wilson Last Thursday—Selection Regarded as Notice That Regulars Need Not Apply for Jobs.

Any doubt that may have existed as t the naming by President Wilson of Charles R. Kurtz as Surveyor of the Port at Philadelphia was cleared up last Thursday in a manner satisfactory to Mr. Kurtz. He got the $5,000 job, once held by P. Gray Meek. It is good for four years, at which time the Republicans will get together, bowl Wilson out, prevent William Jennings Bryan getting in and elect their own President.

For a period of a week or more there was an air of suppressed excitement between the "Centre Democrat" office uptown and the downtown headquarters of the anti-Kurtz faction. The latter was betting dollars to buttons that some mysterious string would be pulled to upset Kurtz at the last minute. Considerably worried but at the same time annoyingly confident Kurtz sat tight and grinned. It was all a question of whether the new Democratic regime in Pennsylvania had the ear of President Wilson, or whether the regulars would be able to swing the jobs as in the good old times of long ago. Kurtz had the iron-clad promise of Congressman Palmer, State Chairman Guthrie, who is to be Minister to Japan, and Vance McCormick, of Harrisburg, the "big three" now bossing affairs in the Democratic State organization. The anti-Kurtz element here had no local candidate in the field against him. They busied themselves putting bricks in his path and meanwhile depending on others of their faith to advance the claims of a candidate from Renovo.

To help along the plan of obstruction charges were filed against Kurtz with Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo, at Washington, who in the end would be the man to recommend to the President the person to be appointed Surveyor of the Port. Washington despatches for several days told of the filing of the charges against Kurtz. An investigation was hinted at. Kurtz and his friends at home were stirred to renewed activity and Congressman Palmer was aroused to the extent of publicly predicting that Mr. Kurtz and no other would land the nifty job. Vague rumors were circulated to the effect that Senators Penrose and Oliver had jumped at the chance to join hands in the campaign to deprive Kurtz of $5,000 per year easy money. Coupled with these rumors was a report that a grand sensation would be sprung in the Senate and that before the end was in sight Kurtz would be ground to powder. This seemed to hold most persons for a while, finally going up in smoke. Senators Penrose and Oliver let it be known that they would not stoop to furthering any petty personal warfare on Kurtz. Any opposition to him in the Senate, they made it known, would be based purely on political grounds, that is, that his predecessor had been removed merely to create a place for a Democrat. This was cheering news to the Kurtz faction, for it was figured out that the Democrats were in the majority in the Senate and could control any appointment on a strictly political issue.

On Thursday of last week the joy of the Kurtz faction was sent skyward by a telegram from Washington that President Wilson had sent the name of Mr. Kurtz to the Senate. The anti-Kurtz forces immediately put on crepe. They realized that they had lost out and that the Kurtz appointment was notice to them that no Centre County Democratic regulars need waste time applying for jobs. As the President's personal representative in Centre County Kurtz will dictate the distribution of postoffices and other federal jobs. Prospective candidates need not apply unless their applications have first received an indorsement like this: "O. K.—Kurtz." Several who took an active part in trying to prevent the appointment of the new Surveyor will do well to mail their applications to him for his indorsement.

Mr. Kurtz expects to remove his family to Philadelphia in the near future and make his home in that city during the next four years. He will visit Bellefonte every week or two weeks to keep in touch with his newspaper interests here. For the present he has engaged Miss Mary Kelley as bookkeeper at the "Centre Democrat" office, and Earl C. Tuten will assist a part of each week in reportorial and office work. Alvin Derr will be general manager.

SPRING CLEANING TIPS

How to Treat the Heavy Curtains and the More Delicate Ones.

The time for the heavy spring cleaning is now here, and the curtains should first be taken into consideration. The heavy curt[illegible] should first be taken down, bru[illegible] bristle brush, then carefully shaken out in the open air. When about to fold them pay attention to the pins or hooks by means of which they have been hung.

If you expect to rehang the curtains yourself and they have originally been hung by an upholsterer, it is as well to allow the original pinnings, to remain in, but if you know just how they should be hung the pins can be, and should be, removed. Should you decide to let them remain, be very careful that there is a piece of cloth or soft paper loosly twisted around each pin. The weight of the curtains pressing against these pins will in time cause serious trouble if allowed.

As for the white or lace curtains, be sure to hang them carefully if they are at all delicate or costly. If the curtains are of lace they are easily torn and should have the tenderest care. If they require cleaning put each curtain separately into an old pillow case. Have a tubful of good suds made from warm water and a bland white soap. The bathtub may be used if you wish to do so. Leave the curtain in the case, let it remain in the suds for an hour or two, then pat it softly until the dust and dirt gradually fall from it. Renew the water and go through the same process until the curtain is clean. If the bathtub is used, several cases may be put into the water at the same time and the labor be facilitated.

The curtains will in this way be saved all strains and will not tear, as they often do when washed in any other manner. They may and should be hung on the line to dry in the case.

If you are going to do up the curtains yourself do not do it until it is nearly time to put them up. Tack a large sheet on the floor and after putting a thin starch in the curtains, pin each scallop down and stretch the curtain carefully so that it is not torn in pulling it. Let it remain until thoroughly dry, then take up carefully, measure the length you desire and pin the overlap in place; then baste closely. Be careful in the measuring, as the beauty of the curtains depends entirely upon whether they are hung straight or crooked. An illy-hung curtain, be it handsome or inexpensive, is at no time a thing of beauty.

The washing of the curtains should be immediately after they are taken down, but the starching and measuring should not be done until the last moment, as the starch will rot the delicate fabric.

Strange Bible Facts.

In the Bible the word "Lord" is found 1,853 times.

The word "Jehovah" 6,855 times.

The word "reverend" but once and that in the ninth verse of Psalm cxi.

The eighth verse of the ninety-seventh Psalm is the middle verse of the Bible.

The ninth verse of the eighth chapter of Esther is the longest.

The thirty-fifth verse of the 11th chapter of St. John is the shortest.

In the one hundred and seventh Psalm four verses are alike—the eighth, fifteenth, twenty-first and thirty-first.

Ezra, vii., 21, contains all the letters of the alphabet except j.

Each verse of the one hundred and thirty-sixth Psalm ends alike.

No names or words of more than six syllables are found in the Bible.

The thirty-seventh chapter of Isaiah and nineteenth chapter of Second Kings are alike.

The word "girl" occurs but once in the Bible and that in the third verse of the third chapter of Joel.

There are found in both books of the Bible 3,538,483 letters, 773,693 words, 31,373 verses, 1,189 chapters and 66 books.

The twenty-sixth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles is the finest chapter to read.

The most beautiful chapter is the twenty-third Psalm.

The four most inspiring promises are John xiv., 2; vi. 37; Matthew xi., 28; Psalm xxxvii., 4.

The first verse of the fiftieth chapter of Isaiah is the one for the new convert.

All who flatter themselves with vain boasting should read the sixth chapter of Matthew.

All humanity should learn the sixth chapter of St. Luke from the twentieth verse to its ending.

Art Treasures $50,000,000.

Art treasures totaling in value $50,000,000, are in the great collection of the late J. P. Morgan, according to an estimate based on the preliminary survey undertaken by the New York Insurance Exchange. This estimate divides the collection in three sections; the treasures in the Morgan library, $10,000,000; on exhibition in the Metropolitan museum, $10,000,000, and in storage at the Metropolitan museum, $30,000,000. It is expected that a total insurance of $25,000,000 will be written for the collection.

Read "The Republican" $1 year in advance.

Two Days In One.

Two hours in bed in the early evening is an effective health recipe for the busy man whose day begins early in the morning and lasts till late at night The "treatment," which consists simply of going to bed from 5 till 7 o'clock was described by a London medical man who prescribed it for a business man whose manifold interests had been compelling him to crowd two days work into one to the detriment of his health.

"My patient now has two distinct days and two distinct recuperation periods every twenty-four hours," the doctor explained. "He begins work with his secretary an hour before most business men are thinking of getting up in the morning. At 5 o'clock in the afternoon his first day's work ends and he goes to bed for two hours' complete rest. At 7 o'clock he is up again bathes, dresses and dines. He is then fresh for another four or five hours business or social duties. His two rest periods combined give him almost nine hours in bed. The 'patient' gets through a greater amount of work and enjoys better health."—London Mail.

Standardization.

Standardization is not by any means the new and revolutionary thing that efficiency engineers and scientific management fakers would have you believe. Standardization is, in fact, as old as the hills.

Take wheels—buggy wheels, for example. They are all the same standard size, and they are painted in just a few standard colors. When a buggy wheel breaks you don't have to get one made to order. You replace it at any shop. It's standard size.

All circus rings the world over are precisely the same diameter to an inch, no matter what may be the size of the tent itself. Thus the circus rider knows the angle at which he must lean. The angle of safety in Oshkosh is the angle of safety in Copenhagen.

Ladders are standardized. The hod carrier, with his heavy load, need never watch his step, for every step or rung on a builder's ladder is seven inches.—New York Tribune.

Presidents and Their Messages.

The custom of presidents of the United States reading their messages to congress prevailed up to the first term of Thomas Jefferson, who discontinued it. Various explanations for Jefferson's departure from the custom of Washington and John Adams have been advanced, the most popular being that Jefferson felt that it savored of royalty, seeing that the king of England went in person to parliament and read his address from the throne. Another explanation was that Jefferson's voice was notably weak. Jefferson himself said in making the change, "I have had principal regard to the convenience of the legislature in the economy of time to their relief from the embarrassment of immediate answers on subjects not yet fully before them and to the benefits thence resulting to the public affairs."—Magazine of American History.

His Wardrobe a Coffin.

Some twelve or fifteen years ago there died in the north country an old gentleman (with whom formerly I had some acquaintance) of remarkable intelligence, an occasional writer on economic subjects, says a correspondent in London Notes and Queries. I am not aware that he was "eccentric," but I was told that he had a coffin made for himself and kept it upended in his bedroom or dressing room. I asked a near relative of his not long ago if this story was correct. He said yes, that it was done to save pain and trouble at death; that the coffin—I think it stood in an alcove or recess—was fitted with hooks and was used as a hanging wardrobe, I think, with a curtain before it.

Drums in the Making.

The process of making drums reveals the same minute division of labor that is shown in all modern manufacturing. How minute this is may be shown by the fact that a single workman is able to turn out more than 2,000 pieces a day of some of the parts. The making of the heads is an interesting process. The sheepskins arrive in a partially dressed state and are at once scraped and dried. The wooden barrel of the drum is made by a machine, which takes a log of wood and peels from it somewhat as a skin is peeled from an apple.—"The Trail of the Bulldog."

The Cure.

"In love with that penniless young scamp, are you?" said old Roxley. "Well, I propose to cure you of that."

"You can't," retorted the willful young girl. "I'm determined to marry him."

"That's it exactly. I propose to let you do it."—Exchange.

A Movable Feature.

"You have your father's eyes, girlie."

"Aw, go on!"

"And your mother's hair."

"S-sh! If mother hears you she'll make me take it off."—Pittsburgh Post.

Joy.

He—How did you enjoy the sermon? She—Oh, ever so much! I had on a new hat and gown, and I sat just in front of that horrid Miss Briggs.

That They Are.

Oliver—Men are more valuable than women. Olivet—What nonsense! Oliver—It's a fact. Every man has his price, but brides are given away.

Where Descent Counts.

Blobbs—A person is an idiot to bother about his descent. Don't you think so? Hoggs—Yes, unless he happens to be an aviator.

An Old School Dominie.

I examined the contents of the satchel of a schoolboy of tender years the other day and found it to contain sixteen books of study. The textbooks covered a wide curriculum, and the perusal of them awakened in me sympathy for the schoolboy, together with a feeling of thankfulness that my own schooldays had been passed in a more stern if less strenuous age, when tawse were more in evidence than textbooks.

I mentioned this subject to an old highlander whose schooldays date away back to the "hungry forties," and he assured me that in those days he trudged to school with a Bible in one oxter and a peat for the schoolroom fire in the other. The Bible was the only book possessed by each of the scholars, and it had to serve for all purposes. As a reading book place names occurred which baffled alike the tongues of schoolmaster and pupils to pronounce. The master never was known to admit defeat, however, for, recognizing that "discretion is the better part of valor," he would extricate a halting reader by observing sagely: "Pass it on, my lad. Ye'll never be there."—Glasgow News.

They Both Wore Beards.

"It's a strain in bindery work not to make mistakes," a girl worker told Mary Van Kleeck, the author of "Women In the Bookbinding Trade." "A book is easily spoiled. I know a girl that put a picture of Longfellow in a copy of 'As You Like It.' Nobody knew it until she looked in another girl's book that had a picture of Shakespeare. 'Well,' she said, 'that doesn't look like the picture I pasted. He was a funny looking man, but not as funny as that.'"

The reader who has come to a full stop in the middle of a book or of a magazine article because the "signatures" are mixed may be in no forgiving mood with the girl who doesn't know Longfellow's beard from Shakespeare's, but he may have some sympathy with the fatigue and monotony of factory work. Another girl put it tersely: "When you do one thing all day you lose the feeling in your fingers. You are likely to pick up two sheets at a time."

The Future of the Windmill.

The great possibilities of the windmill of the future, as outlined by scientists, reads like a fairy tale. It will be and is now used not only to irrigate millions of acres of desert land, but it can be used to produce electric power, which can be stored away and kept for future use in lighting the house, cooking, heating and furnishing the water supply. Even the weekly washing and ironing may be done by means of the windmill. Among other ideas suggested by scientists is the establishment along all the roads in the country of electrical windmill storage places where any one driving a motor car may stop, drop a coin in the slot, replenish the supply and keep on going. In fact, the possibilities of this latest adaptation of the windmill are so great as to make an enumeration of the many things for which it may be used almost impossible.—London Opinion.

When the Sea Was Fresh Water.

The ocean was once merely brackish and not salt, as it is now. This was when the earth was in its first youth and before there was any land showing at all or any animal life in the water. At this time the water was gradually cooling from its original state of steam, and the salts were slowly undergoing the change from gases into solids. Then came the appearance of land and later on rivers, which gradually washed down more and more salts, while at the bottom of the ocean itself chemical action was constantly adding more brine to the waters. At present it is estimated that there are in the world's oceans 7,000,000 cubic miles of salt, and the most astonishing thing about it is that if all the salt could be taken out in a moment the level of the water would not drop one single inch.

Queer Name For a Flower.

Every one knows that wild flowers are known in various districts by local appellations. Some of them are pretty, many are curious, others merely quaint. But there is one pretty wild flower, the ordinary white arabis, beloved of bees, a low growing flower which edges many garden paths. At Guildford, in Surrey, England, it is known as "welcome home the husband be he never so drunk." The origin of the name is not apparent. It is believed to have gained the name because the flower shines out so white at night.

Nothing but Work.

One very well known character at Oxford used to say that modern undergraduates were sadly inferior to their predecessors, who had constantly employed him when they went out with gun or rod. "There's a very idle set of gentlemen at the university nowadays," he said. "They never shoots; they never goes a-fishing. They does nothing—nothing but read, read, read from morning till night."

To the Point.

"That was a very appropriate remark the jockey made when they pulled him from under his mount when it stumbled and fell on him."

"What was the remark?"

"'This is a horse on me.'"—Baltimore American.

Modern Dancing.

Clara—They say that one evening's dance is equivalent to walking ten miles. Maud—That was the old style. Now it's equivalent to climbing about 100 trees.—Life.

Patience is the most necessary thing in this world.—Confucius.

BIG EMERGENCY HOSPITAL

State Will Have 30 Tents With 175 Beds at Gettysburg.

Arrangements have been completed for the establishment of an emergency hospital of 175 beds to care for the thousands of visitors from every State in the Union, who will attend the fiftieth anniversary of the Battle of Gettysburg. The hospital will be conducted by the State Department of Health and will be under the personal supervision of Commissioner, Samuel G. Dixon.

The State G. A. R. encampment begins on June 26th but the greatest crowd are expected on July 2, 3 and 4th. It is estimated that there will be 55,000 visitors in addition to the 32,000 Union and Confederate veterans who will be present.

Governor Tener has ordered the Commissioner of Health to take all necessary steps to safe-guard the health and add to the comfort of the visitors.

The emergency hospital will consist of 30 hospital tents and accommodations for the 16 doctors and 18 nurses who will be on duty. It will have a commissary department, a fully equipped operating tent with a consulting surgeon constantly at hand. There will be in addition two hospital cars in order that serious or operative cases may be transferred daily to the hospitals in nearby cities.

In addition to the main hospitals there will be two dispensaries with six beds each with a nurse and physician in charge.

One of these will be located at the railroad station to care for any visitors who may be ill upon arrival and one located near the great assembly tent where the meetings are to be held.

In addition to these dispensaries there will be six emergency stations at points where the crowds collect in order that first aid may be administered promptly. There will be auto ambulance service to convey patients to the main hospital from the dispensaries and emergency stations.

Nine comfort stations will be erected at convenient points and these will be in charge of male and female attendants.

The regular water supply of Gettysburg will be augmented by specially installed pumps to insure an adequate quantity. Flowing fountains will be installed about the city and grounds. All of the wells in Gettysburg and vicinity have been examined and analysis made of the water and those which are not safe will be closed.

The dispensaries, emergency stations and public comfort stations will all be connected by telephone with the State Department of Health headquarters at the general hospital.

The Crops.

Bradstreet's Report says: Another week of good weather has enabled farmers to make good progress, and most of the lost time has now been made up. The greater part of the spring-wheat and oats crops have been planted, and next week should witness the finish of this seeding even in the most northern regions. Barley and flax seeding in the northwest has begun, and southern corn is all planted and most of it up. Plowing for corn in the more northern regions is making good progress.

Winter wheat holds its excellent position. There were complaints of rain needed in Iowa and Kansas, but these have both had rainfall, and the general outlook in those states was never better. There is said to be a promise of great insect life this year, and chinch bugs are reported west of the Missouri river. Texas wheat, oats and corn promise well despite cool weather for the latter.

A Great Cow.

W. B. Robinson is the owner of a Holstein cow which he keeps on a farm at Dallas, Luzerne county, that has a new state record for milk and butter production. The cow, DeKolceke II., made such a wonderful showing and gave such good signs of being a record smasher that the Pennsylvania State College was asked to send a representative to make a test.

E. R. Painter was assigned the work and he went and conducted a test of seven days. At the end of that time he discovered that the cow had produced 536.2 pounds of milk, or an average of thirty-six quarts per day. This made a total of 26.47 pounds of butter, a record unequaled by any cow in the same age.

The state record was formerly held by a cow owned by John Conyngham, who conducts a stock farm in the same section.

Death of Prominent Democrat.

John R. Read, a widely known lawyer of Philadelphia and well known in Democratic politics, died in a hospital in that city last Friday from injuries received when he was struck by a trolley car. During President Cleveland's first administration he was United States district attorney in Philadelphia and in the second he was collector of the port. Mr. Read was connected with a law firm which has connections in all parts of the United States. He was 70 years old.

Stops earache in two minutes· toothache or pain of burn or scald in five minutes; hoarseness, one hour; muscleache, two hours; sore throat, twelve hours—Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil, monarch over pain.—Advt.

Real Esetate Tansfers.

Recorder Francis Speer has recorded the following real estate transfers:

Benj. Chapman, et ux, to Carrie M. Packer, tract in Curtin Twp.; $300.

John Hamilton, et ux, to E. S. Erb, tract in State College; $600.

Emanuel Wetzel to Meyer Bros., tract in Haines Twp.; $462.

W. M. Cronister, et ux, to Penna. Railroad Co., tract in Huston Twp., $500.

William B. Gingery's heirs to Rudolph Gingery, tract in Worth Twp.; $1800.

A. S. Allen, Exr, to Margaret Riley, tract in Harris Twp.; $875.

Thomas S. Bailey, et ux, to W. T. Dunn, et al, tract in State College; $4590.

Elmer E. Scruders, et al, to Louella M. Scruders, tract in Ferguson Twp.; $350.

Louella M. Scruders to J. H. Scruders, tract in Ferguson township; $1.

Elizabeth Stine, et baron, to Stephen Dix, et ux, premises in Philipsburg; $75.

Stephen Dix to Annie Dix, premises in Philipsburg; $1.

Lawrence Nugent to Ike Goldberg, lot in Cassanova; $130.

William L. Foster, et ux, to Perry H. Gentzel, premises in State College; $27,000.

Charles E. Frazier, Exr, to Harriet E. Kryder, et al, 2 tracts in Gregg Twp.; $75.

Charles M. Confer, et ux, to S. C. Bower, et al, lot in State College; $475.

David Slagle, et ux, to Josiah C. Rossman, premises in State College; $3300.

Alfred R. Lee, et ux, to Josiah C. Rossman, tract in Harris Twp; $6000.

A. C. Witherite, et ux, to Margaret E. Freil, tract in Boggs Twp; $25.

Margaret E. Friel's heirs to Hannah E. Kunes, tract in Boggs Twp; $1.

Jane L. Test to Annie E. Hagyard, tract in Rush Twp.; $1500.

Manassa Aumiller, et ux, to Commonwealth of Penna., tract in Haines Twp; $150.

Adam H. Vonada, Admr, to H. D. Vonada, tract in Walker Twp; $1800.

David B. Schenck to Clara A. Pletcher, tract in Howard Twp; $1000.

John P. Harris, Trustee, to William P. Humes, et al, tract in Spring Twp; $1221.

Charles W. Hart, et ux, to Albert K. Beem, tract in Huston Twp; $3500.

Thomas Foster, et al, to Atlantic Refining Co., tract in Ferguson Twp; $500.

Eleanor A. McCoy to William H. Johnsonbaugh, tract in Patton Twp; $1.

John M. McCoy, et ux, to William H. Johnstonbaugh, tract in Patton Twp; $5000.

G. W. Musser, et al, Admrs, to John Clay Johnstonbaugh, tract in Patton Twp; $7000.

Christian Holter, et ux, to Magdelene Clifford Holter, premises in Howard Boro; $1250.

The Clothes Moth.

A correspondent from Huntingdon Country wrote to Prof. Surface asking for information concerning destruction of Clothes moths. The reply gives information that may be useful to others troubled with this destructive pest. It is as follows:

"You can destroy the clothes moths by saturating with benzine or gasoline the fabric which they infest. If you will dissolve a very slight proportion of corrosive sublimate in alcohol, using not more than one part by weight to one hundred parts of water and pour or sprinkle this over a cloth it will poison it it and render it immune to them.

"Where clothes moths infest articles that can be spread and shaken, it is a good plan to take them into the sunshine in an open yard, and whip them thoroughly with strong whips and air them well. If one can place small articles in an oven and watch the temperature that it does not get higher than something like one hundred and fifty to one hundred and sixty degrees, he can kill this pest by heat. Where the articles are small enough to put them into a closed vessel a very excellent method is to put them into something that can be closed tightly and pour over them or set upon them a shallow pan containing the liquid known as carbon bisulfide and let it stand and fumigate three or four hours or more. At least one pound of this should be used for each one hundred cubic feet of space, and more will do no harm. Keep fire away from it, as it is explosive, the same as the fumes of benzine or gasoline.

"A barrel will do very well for this purpose, fastening over the top of it two or more sheets of oil cloth, holding it in place by a hoop placed outside. As a last resort for household pests, we can fall back upon fumigation with hydrocyanic acid gas, which is certain to be effective if properly done, but which is both expensive and somewhat dangerous by careless persons. Follow directions for this method of fumigation which are sent free from the 'office of the Economic Zoologist, at Harrisburg,' when requested."

Itching piles provoke profanity, bu profanity won't cure them. Doan's Ointment cures itching, bleeding or protruding piles after years of suffering. At any drug store.—Advt.

Mrs. Susan Ohl Dead.

Mrs. Susan Ohl, aged 72 years died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Edward, Consor, at Renovo, last Thursday morning at 5.30 o'clock. The venerable lady had been ill the past fourteen weeks although confined to her bed only a week death being due to abscesses of the brain.

Mrs. Ohl was born in Haines township, Centre county, and resided at Loganton for many years. She had resided with Mr. and Mrs. Consor the past ten years. She is survived by one son, Edward Ohl, of Avis, one daughter, Mrs. Consor and two brothers, Henry and Cornelius Kerstetter of Loganton.

Short services were held Friday evening at the house at 8 o'clock by Rev. L. M. C. Weickel. The remains were brought to Lock Haven and taken to Loganton, where the funeral was held Sunday morning from the Lutheran church at 10.30. Interment was made in the cemetery at that place.—Lock Haven Democrat.

Falsified Public Records.

Al Neff, of Chest township, Clearfield county, pleaded guilty on Monday afternoon in the criminal court at Clearfield to the charge of falsifying the records in the County Commissioners. Mr. Neff some weeks previously altered the figures of the assessment made on his property by the assessor. The act was a penitentiary offense, but he was let go by the payment of a fine of one hundred dollars and costs.

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Cattle Pasture

The Lehigh Valley Coal Company, will open their 5000 acre range on Beech Creek, May 1st, 1913, under the management of Mr. Geo. Lorrah. Season May 1st to October 15th. Terms, $1.50 per head per season. Cattle received only on Wednesdays and Saturdays. Address Lehigh Valley Coal Company, Snow Shoe Pa. for any further information.

FOR THE FARM

Spraying time is almost here. Are you going to spray. It will give you good returns. We have **Small** and **Barre Sprayers**, also spray material.

Or you may have in mind a manure spreader. We represent the **New Idea Manure Spreader.** You can try one and know it is the best before you settle for it. We sell the **Wiard Plow,** both walking and reversible sulkey plows.

Spring and Spike-tooth **Harrows** and Evans two-row **Corn Planters,** with double disks, furrow openers and fertilizer attachments complete, also single disk harrows and land rollers, grain drills and metal hog and poultry troughs.

A full line of poultry grit, flax seed meal and farm seeds. **Brookville Wagons,** all sizes. **Gasoline Engines** Nova Scotia land plaster, nitrate of soda, potash and fertilizers carried in stock. In fact--everything for the farm. Just now we have

A FEW BARGAINS

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BELLEFONTE - - - PA.

The Eagle's Call

He Answered It and the Call of Honor

By CLARISSA MACKIE

It promised to be another blistering day, and so John Forrest arose in the early dawn and enjoyed his cold tub in the blighting presence of the disapproving bath boy. Later, clad in spotless white, he ate his breakfast in the cool shade of the north veranda.

The first rays of the rising sun were gilding the top of the compound wall when the gate opened noisily and admitted a Chinese in the livery of the consulate servants. He approached and delivered a parcel into Forrest's outstretched hand.

Forrest weighed the long, flat package in his palm for a thoughtful moment. Every time he received an unexpected letter or parcel he was conscious of a throb of expectation that he was to be called back to prove his mettle. Something had happened several years ago, when he had been in the war department, that resulted in his resignation and immediate departure for a foreign country. It was the matter of a neglected duty which terminated in the loss to the department of $50,000. Forrest was young in those days, and his Virginian hot blood was more engrossed in the scattering of wild oats than in the careful execution of his duties.

The chief of the department had been a friend of his dead father's and he had talked to John Forrest as a parent might have done. "I can't save you from the consequences of your carelessness, my boy," he had said sadly. "No one but yourself can do that, and it may take years to re-establish confidence in your ability. You better accept that clerkship with my brother's banking house in Shanghai and some day when you can make good come home again."

"I don't like the idea of being banished," muttered John sullenly. "Can't I work and pay back the money? Or if the government lost that sum through my carelessness perhaps I might be able to save a loss some time."

The older man brought the palm of his hand to the table with a sharp smack. "Some day, not now, John! You go ahead and take this berth in Shanghai, and I give you my word of honor that if ever I see the opportunity whereby you can step in and make good on that mistake of yours I'll send you a message. Because of my position I cannot write you or commit myself in any way, but you will understand when the message comes that your country needs your services and that your opportunity to make good has come at last. Have patience and wait."

"Very good, sir." John Forrest leaped to his feet with a new light in his young eyes. "I'll sail next week on the Cathay from San Francisco. You won't forget to send for me, sir?"

"On my honor, John, and you will leave everything and come, my boy?"

Involuntarily John raised his right hand as he spoke gravely. "I will come whenever you call, sir." And so it was settled.

That had all happened years before, and still John Forrest was waiting for the call of his country to make restitution to her for the amount which had been lost. In the meantime, sobered by his bitter experience in the capital of his country, he had worked night and day at his new situation in Shanghai. In that gay city on the Hwangpu river there were many opportunities for money making, and John Forrest was beginning to see where he might some day be a financial power in the great treaty port of the east when this hot summer morning the message came.

He knew as soon as he had opened the package. All the box contained was a long bronze feather from the pinion of an eagle and a brief scrawl on a slip of paper, "The eagle calls."

Then came a moment of temptation to the man. He knew that very day a steamer sailed for San Francisco. If he missed sailing today it meant that his journey would be delayed for three days. If he did sail today large interests which had occupied his mind lately and which would come to a climax today would go to the wall for lack of his manipulation. If he could have only one more day here his future affluence would be assured. His going today meant financial ruin.

All at once he seemed to see the luxurious equipment of the chief's private office and heard his own voice saying earnestly, "I will come whenever you call, sir." His tilted chair crashed to the floor, and he sent servants flying in a dozen different directions.

A brief note to one of his partners conveyed the information that he was summoned home at once and that the deal must be put through without him if possible. He inclosed a power of attorney and thus washed his hands of the matter. An hour later found him swaying recklessly along the Bubbling Well road in a rickshaw, and he gained the long wharf just in time to catch the tug that was conveying its last load of passengers to the steamer lying out in the mouth of the river several miles below the city.

The morning he arrived in Washington he telephoned to his old chief from the hotel where he was stopping.

"I am here," was his brief report.

"Good boy, John! I will call on you this evening at 9 o'clock."

It was a short story and soon told. Somebody had stolen plans and important documents from the war office, and the secret service men were combing the country for the thief. While it was out of order for this commission to be placed in the hands of an outsider, the chief had wanted to give Forrest the chance to redeem himself, and at the same time he knew if the young man was successful that breach of red tapeism would be forgiven because of Forrest's former connection with the office and the unhappy circumstances of his dismissal.

"I'll give you the same clew that the others have. The papers are supposed to have been taken by a small, dark man who had been hanging around the building for several weeks. He was traced, the morning following the theft, to the railroad station, where he bought a ticket for New Orleans. At that city it was learned that he had bought a ticket for some station further along the line, but under what name it is not known. The man is supposed to have been employed by somebody—it's for you to discover, John—and even if you find him you may not be able to get track of the instigators of the theft. The other fellows have eight weeks the start of you. I couldn't cable, or I would have done so. Now, go it!"

So John Forrest started on his quest to redeem his reputation. His search was as thorough as it could be made, and he found genuine satisfaction in the knowledge that he had learned more about his suspected man than had his brother sleuths.

First he learned that the small, dark suspect had been seen with a companion of the same complexion, but of stouter build. This man had not accompanied the first man on his flight through the south, but Forrest learned that the stout man had taken passage on a steamer sailing from New York for Havana, from whence he had sailed to a Mexican port. All this investigation took weeks of valuable time, but once settled on the trail of Manuel Corta, the stout man, for Forrest had even learned the man's name, the American's pursuit was unflagging until at last it terminated in a small village in the heart of the Sierra des Blas mountains.

Inn there was none, and because he wore American clothing dark eyes peered insolently at Forrest from around adobe huts or from lazily swinging hammocks under the pecan trees. If Corta had not moved on the man would soon be apprised of the American's presence there and, taking alarm, would be away. Forrest finally found quarters in the home of the village water carrier, and because the vendor of the precious fluid is always a notorious gossip he soon learned where Corta might be found. In a broken mixture of Spanish, Indian and here and there an English word or a graphic gesture Forrest communicated with the water carrier. The generous sum of money he thrust into the brown hand made the man his slave.

The moon was setting over the shoulder of the highest mountain when the water carrier slipped back through the thorny undergrowth and motioned the American to pass through. Forrest pressed forward and saw in the light of a lantern three men. The first answered the description of the small dark man who had been traced to New Orleans; the second could be no other than Manuel Corta, who held a package wrapped in oilskin covering. The identity of the third man caused him to gasp for breath.

Tall and thin, his white face showing strained and haggard in the light, was the nephew of his old chief in the department. Blake Finlay and he had been chums in the old days before Forrest had made his mistake. What was Finlay doing here? Was he not confidential secretary to his uncle? Forrest's heart sank. If Finlay's quest was the same as his own he had failed in his quest, the eagle's call had been in vain, and Forrest might never have another opportunity to redeem himself.

But now the loud and angry words of the men fell on his ears, and he was conscious that the American had grasped the package and hidden it in his coat while the dark men were expostulating.

"You have tricked us!" sputtered the man Corta. "You accepted our bribe and secured the documents for us, and now that we have made rendezvous and are only waiting to deliver them to the general and receive the reward you have tracked us down and want your papers back! Coward!" He drew a knife and leaped at Finlay, and his companion sprang to his aid.

It was Forrest's quick shot that sent the knife spinning out of one murderous hand, while the second report was followed by a yell of rage from the small man and instant retreat. Blake Finlay leaned against a tree and stared at his rescuer.

"You ought to be John Forrest," he said thickly. "If you have heard what this man says you understand the situation. I've got the papers back again, and I hope that will wipe out the offense. I can fix it so they will appear to have been mislaid; but, by heaven, Forrest, it was a narrow shave for me! I must have been crazy to have yielded to their suggestions."

Forrest's hopes sank. The papers would go back to Washington and the bottom would drop out of the mystery. The detectives would be recalled, and there would be no opportunity for Forrest to redeem his reputation.

There was only one thing to do—to write to the chief that he had failed in his quest and to return to China and once more await the eagle's call.

And he went.

Oldham Likes Its Fun.

While Oldham cannot claim to have any one of the twenty-two biggest cotton mills in England, it is the premier cotton town for all that, since it is pretty safe to say that it has more cotton mills to the square mile than any other town in the world. The Oldham people are peculiar. They are steady and thrifty while they work, but, bent on pleasure, they want all they can get.

An Oldham family was returning from the annual holiday at Blackpool, and one of the daughters told the mother that they ought to have stayed another day.

"We couldna, lass," said the mother. "T' brass is all done."

"Well," retorted the undutiful daughter, "it's all thy fault. I told thee to sell t' clock ere we started, and thou can't say as I didn't."

And this anecdote is a true illustration of the Oldham character, too, for it has been estimated that in one week of the year Oldhamers spend something like £300,000, about £2 per head of the population. That is the week of "Oldham Wakes," when the mills stop working and everybody chases pleasure.—London Globe.

Loie Fuller and Dumas Fils.

Loie Fuller was dancing at Les Folies Bergere, in Paris, when a friend from Haiti, M. Eugene Poulle, arrived in Paris and offered to take her to see Dumas at Marly. She tells about it in "Fifteen Years of a Dancer's Life."

"During the journey in the railway carriage M. Poulle taught me a French phrase which I was to say when Dumas extended his hand—'Je suis tres contente de serrer votre main' (I am delighted to grasp your hand). And, of course, when the psychological moment arrived I phrased the words all askew. Instead of taking one of his hands I grasped both, and emphatically and with stress on each word I said: 'Je suis tres contente de votre main serree' ('I am delighted with your close fisted hand'). I did not understand his reply, but my friend later on told me that Dumas had replied, 'My hand is not close fisted, but I know what you mean, child. * * * and I open my heart and my hand in your service.'"

Habit of Formation.

Psychologists who have studied the subject tell us that in the psychology of success—success won by a man's own efforts—there are always two periods. There is the period of struggle. Every man who amounts to anything wins his way at first by will power and sheer endeavor. He has to use all his energy to climb the hard places determinedly, to fight and persevere. At first the battle is exhausting and often seems hopeless. But the thing to do is to hold on, day by day, through this first period. Then comes the period of habit formation. When the will has insisted upon certain acts or thoughts over and over again a path, so to speak, is cleared in the mind. Daily travel sets in over this path, and a habit is formed. Soon the thing that was so hard becomes easier and easier. The new method of thinking or acting becomes organized and solidified.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Correcting Family Speech.

A Cleveland man who makes a practice of choosing his words with care, a practice which he has endeavored to instill into the family circle, made a memorandum of the misused words uttered by his son and daughter during a recent breakfast. Here is the result:

Elegant, nineteen times.
Awful, eleven times.
Dandy, six times.
Fierce, four times
Great, two times.

When the meal was over the head of the household called the family around him in the library and gravely read the totals to them.

"Gee, that's fierce!" said the son.

"Isn't it awful!" said the daughter.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Stage Money.

Stage money—that is, money of no value off the stage—is first said to have been used by David Garrick in the eighteenth century. The money is said to have been made by the wealthy actor-manager so as to look actually like real money. There was little money, even of this counterfeit kind, used in the days of Shakespeare because of the scarcity of any kind of money, particularly among actors.

Much More So.

"Is there anything more exasperating," asks an exchange, "than a bureau drawer that has constitutional objections to closing up after it has been opened?" Yea, verily, brother—to wit, a bureau drawer that has constitutional objections to being opened after it's been closed.—Chicago News.

Supremely Exasperating.

"Don't you think Mrs. Spurrell has an awful temper?"

"She has, but can you blame the poor woman? She has a husband who just absolutely won't get mad at all."

Dear, Indeed!

"The dear, dear girls!" exclaimed Mrs. Pawkins, looking at her fashionable daughters enthusiastically.

"Yes, the dear, dear girls!" muttered Mr. Pawkins despondently.

Had to Confess.

Wife—Do you mean to tell me you lost $2 at cards? Husband—I don't mean to tell you, but I may as well. You'll find it out anyway.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

No man rejoiceth safely unless he hath within him the testimony of a good conscience.—Thomas a Kempis.

The Two "Dark Days."

There are two "dark days" mentioned in the annals of New England. The first occurred on Oct. 21, 1716, when it suddenly became so dark soon after noon that the people were forced to use artificial lights to do their ordinary work. This strange condition of the atmosphere lasted about three and a half hours. Again, on May 19, 1780, there was a remarkable darkening of the atmosphere, but the phenomenon did not come on so suddenly as that upon the earlier date. The darkness in this latter instance began between 10 and 11 o'clock on the morning of the day named and lasted throughout the day. The darkness extended from the northeastern part of New England westward as far as Albany and southward to Pennsylvania. The most intense and prolonged darkness, however, was confined to Massachusetts, more especially to the seaboard. It is said to have come from the southwest, but there is no mention of it made in the history of Ohio or the Virginias. The exact cause still remains one of the unexplained mysteries.

"Warned Off" the Turf.

To be "warned off" is the most severe sentence that can be imposed on any one in England connected with the turf. Not only does it debar a man from owning, training or riding horses, but until the committee decides to revoke the punishment prevents him even from showing himself on any race course. This is so owing to the fact that the decision of the national hunt committee is registered automatically by the racing authorities in France and Ireland and of course by the Jockey club. Like the national hunt committee, the stewards of the Jockey club also reserve to themselves the right of summoning any rider whom they suspect of sharp practices or even carelessness to appear before them and, unless the explanation given proved satisfactory, to "suspend" or punish the offender in some other way.—London Answers.

Turner's Carelessness.

Perhaps the most prolific painter who ever lived was the great Turner. When he died his house in Queen Anne street, which he had not occupied for a long time, was found to be full of masterpieces all going to rack and ruin. Even the famous "Crossing the Brook," one of the priceless treasures of the National gallery in Trafalgar square, was there, with large pieces chipped off it. Many of Turner's masterpieces which he had refused to sell for "love or money" were almost ruined by the damp coming from defective windows and ceilings. There were, besides the oil paintings, literally thousands of water color drawings "chuking about the place," any one of which would draw a little fortune at this moment from the pocket of an American millionaire. By his will he left them all to the nation.—London Spectator.

Speed of Flying Ducks.

How fast do ducks fly? is a question that sportsmen have long debated. A correspondent of Forest and Stream throws some definite light on it. Business requires him to ride frequently on a railroad in New York state that skirts a large lake. Wild fowl, startled by the train, will sometimes fly for a long distance parallel to the track at a speed the same as that of the train; hence it was easy, by timing them and getting the speed rate of the train from the conductor, to learn how fast they were going. The rate varied from forty-seven miles an hour to a little over fifty. The belief of gunners that ducks sometimes travel at the rate of a mile a minute is therefore not far from the truth.

No College Degree In Brazil.

Brazilian law, it is claimed, prohibits the establishment of any university because "the conferring of academic distinctions is contrary to the principles of true democracy." There are many institutions in Brazil where medicine and law are taught, and these grant certificates of proficiency to pupils who complete the course in a satisfactory manner. But, however well qualified he may be, no Brazilian can legally get a degree in his own country of a doctor of medicine or of law.

Too Vigorous.

Vicar (to sexton)—That pulpit cushion is worn out, Edward. I wish you would see that a new one is put on. Edward (grimly)—Yes, sir; I know it be worn out, an' it's the third one this year. It ain't my place to pass remarks, sir, but in my opinion there's such a thing as carryin' religion a leetle too far!—London Opinion.

Amicus Curiae.

"I hope this is the last sentence I shall pass upon you," said a French magistrate to a tramp who has appeared before him regularly for many years.

Affecting surprise, the tramp replied, "Then you think of retiring, your worship?"—London Telegraph.

A Musical Pun.

In "Reminiscences, Impressions and Anecdotes" Francesco Berger records a pun made by the late Lord Coleridge at a public dinner. "Even in music," he said, "there is variety of opinion. Some loved their Bach often, while others preferred Offenbach!"

Fuming.

Hicks (meeting friend at 11 p. m.)—Hello, old man, what's going on out your way? Wicks—My wife is, I expect. I told her I'd be home at 6.—Boston Transcript.

The more we do the more we can do; the more busy we are the more leisure we have.—Hazlitt.

Shabby Genteel

A Sketch That Proved of Importance

By F. A. MITCHEL

Fond of art from my childhood, I determined to be an artist. I wonder why it is that while the making of pictures is a refined work, only a comparatively few of us women have become eminent in that field. But this has nothing to do with my story. When a child I was given drawing lessons, and when I grew older I went abroad to study. I suppose I should have remained abroad. Most American artists do. They paint pictures where there is a market for them. I came home to America, where I think there are as fine landscapes as there are in the world, and we have one scenic effect that is the grandest in the world, the Grand Canyon of the Colorado.

I was sketching one morning in a wood beside a road. It was springtime, and the buds on the trees were opening with that pale green one sees but for a few days in each year. I was trying to get it on my canvas.

Down the road came a man whose clothes were shabby, but whose person, even in shabby attire, bore evidence of the gentleman. He had the light hair and blue eyes that indicate northern races, and his features were of the Saxon type. Seeing me sitting there sketching, he paused, his hand went up to his cap slowly and doubtfully, a pleasant, deferential smile lighting his face, and he said with the accent of a German:

"You have a very beautiful subject for your painting."

There was nothing whatever to be afraid of in this deferential gentleman; besides, during my sojourn abroad I had made many such acquaintances—all travelers do except the English, and even they sometimes break through their conventionalism—so I received the man's salute as it was intended. He stood behind me and looked at my sketch, first giving me, as a well bred person should, a compliment, then making certain criticisms and suggestions that at once struck me as being of value.

As I looked at his lithe figure, his genial face bearing every evidence of refinement and contrasting with his shabby genteel clothes, it struck me that I would like very much to make a drawing of him.

"Have you half an hour to spare?" I asked.

"Half an hour? I have half a century. I am a vagrant—what you call in America a tramp. At any rate, I am that at present. I am one of those persons one reads about in stories who become involved in some unfortunate episode the truth of which cannot be unraveled. For that reason I left my native country and went to France, where I served for awhile in that corps of the French army called the Foreign legion. Do you know what that is?"

"I do not," I replied, surprised and at the same time charmed at his frankness with an utter stranger.

"The Foreign legion is composed of men of all nations, but largely of gentlemen who have either disgraced themselves or been disgraced by some one else. You will find there a Russian colonel who has been cashiered for cowardice, an English younger son so dissolute that he has been ignored by his family, an Austrian count who has been ruined at the gambling table."

"Surely," I said, "you have not committed a crime?"

"Yes—that is to say, circumstances made it appear that I committed a crime. But let us not talk of that." A shadow passed over his honest face. "I am here honored by your request that I shall serve as your model. What pose will you give me?"

"Please seat yourself on that log."

He sat down on the log, a light cane that he had cut himself in his hands, his position easy and graceful. I saw no necessity for posing him anew.

"Just as you are," I added.

"In what direction shall I look?"

I considered for a moment, then told him to look straight at me. An honest face is never so honest as when it is looking you in the eyes. Rogues may exhibit assurance, but they can never counterfeit honesty, at any rate not to me. I wished to get that frank expression of his, which would win any jury and a woman every time.

I made a sketch, but was dissatisfied with it and, tearing it up, made another. This was better, but was only his face and figure without his expression. I laid it aside and tried once more. Meanwhile I engaged my model in conversation with a view to drawing out what I wished to get on paper, though I am free to confess my object was partly to detain him, for he had suddenly walked into my life, and I felt that when he walked out of it an impression would be left akin to loneliness.

I kept him till I had made four attempts at sketching him, and the fourth time, by accident, I suppose, I caught something of the expression I was trying for. Then he arose, thanked me for the honor I had conferred upon him and was about to depart when I said:

"I must insist upon your receiving compensation for the sitting. I am sure you are a gentleman, but there is nothing degrading in a gentleman's posing as a model even when he does not need money, which you evidently do need."

I had my portemonnaie in a bag I had brought with me and was opening it when he looked at me reproachfully, so reproachfully that, though he spoke not a word, I desisted. Rising and lifting his cap with the same deference as before, he said:

"Farewell, fraulein—mademoiselle. You English and Americans have no word by which to address a lady not married. This has been a pleasant episode in a ruined life. I shall never forget it."

Farewell. I wished he had said adieu, goodby, anything but farewell. It is a word fit only to use at parting with the dying. And in this case it intensified the feelings I had at seeing him stroll away from me down the road, erect and with that swinging step a soldier gets and once got can never shake off.

If when I had sat down to transfer to canvas the first verdure of spring any one had told me that a man whom I had never seen and did not expect to see again would come along and leave a sketch of his face and figure, taking away in exchange my heart, I should have considered the prophet a lunatic. Yet there I sat, with the picture in my hand, and there walked away the man with my heart, without once looking back.

I saw him approach a rise in the ground and hoped before he descended on the other side he would turn with a last wave of his hand. But he did not. He passed out of sight, treating me as a woman with whom he had no acquaintance.

"He has been ruined," I said to myself, "through no fault of his own, but he will not permit any one else to share his obloquy."

About a year from this meeting, on looking over a newspaper, I glanced at the personal column. I don't know why I have always been accustomed to read the personals, but I do. I suppose it is because in some of them I think I can see a romance, and I love to wonder what that romance may be. For the same reason I like stories in which the principal parts are left to the imagination. What I know ceases at once to interest me. What I don't know and imagine to be a story in itself never ceases to interest me.

As I was saying, I was reading the personals in the newspaper when I came upon one under the heading of "Information Wanted" that described my model. The description of him was perfect. I felt absolutely sure that I was right in my inference that it referred to him. It occurred to me that in identifying the missing man the sketch I had made of him might be of great assistance. I wrote a note to the advertiser that I had met such a man and had made a sketch of him, which would be at his service if he required it.

I received a reply from a German-American firm of attorneys, who replied that the person sought was wanted abroad and the lawyers had letters for him. I took the picture to them, which they referred to one who knew him and pronounced it his likeness. I loaned it to them, and they had it photographed and used with subsequent advertisements.

One morning a card came up to me bearing the name of Baron Carl Richter. My heart leaped to my throat, for I divined at once that the man I had thought of by day and dreamed of by night had returned to me. But how should I go down to see him with my heart fluttering like a frightened bird? Mastering my feelings as well as I could, I finally went down, to see my model, not in shabby genteel habiliments, but dressed like a gentleman. But one thing I noticed—his present attire did not add one whit to his appearance of refinement.

He told me that he had been vindicated—how, I never knew and do not know today. Nor do I care to know. From the first I was as sure of his innocence as if an angel had proclaimed it. And it did not raise him in my opinion, for he had never so required raising. But I rejoiced that the obloquy had been taken from him. And I rejoiced, too, that his former rank and office had been restored to him by the sovereign of his state.

He had been discovered by means of the sketch I had made of him and, when shown it at the office of the attorneys, had asked for my address, and as soon as he could make himself presentable had called upon me.

That brief meeting at which the sketch had been made was as much to him as to me. When he had walked away from me—so he told me—the world before him looked darker even than it had looked before. It was the trial of his life, when he stood upon the crest, to avoid turning for a parting glance before descending.

On returning to the principality to which he belonged he took me with him as his wife. He is now always well—sometimes faultlessly—dressed, but I love to remember him in his shabby genteel clothes, sitting on that log looking at me with his honest eyes.

Though, as I have said, I do not know what was the cause of his disgrace, there are a few, very few, who do, and by them he is considered to have made a martyr of himself for some one, the world doesn't say who. It has been said that it was a prince of the blood who should, but for reasons of state, have borne the disgrace himself. Others aver it was for a woman, to shield whom he placed himself in the position of a thief. I suppose that L——ding a woman, should wish to know the story; but, in the first place, I am not one of those who are permitted to know it, and, in the second place, I love stories the denouement of which I may feed my fancy on and enjoy having one in my own household.

THE REPUBLICAN.

Bellefonte, Pa., May 3, 1913

CHARLES E. DORWORTH, - Ed., & Pub.

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Question: How many Bellefonte Democrats who voted for Wilson last November would vote the same way today?

What was it the Hon. Hugh S. Taylor said about the Hon. Charles R. Kurtz just a few days before the ticker announced the Kurtz appointment?

The report that the Hon. John Noll was arranging a public reception in honor of Surveyor of the Port Kurtz turns out to have been without the slightest foundation.

Will the newspaper in this neck o' woods which was "the first in Pennsylvania to declare for Wilson" be the first to declare for Congressman Palmer for Governor? What?

It would seem that the very first job for Surveyor of the Port Charles R. Kurtz to tackle is to deliver the Centre County Democrats for Congressman Palmer for Governor.

Just sort of lean back your head and close your eyes and try and picture to your self Harry Fenlon stepping around and asking the new Surveyor of the Port for an indorsement as postmaster of Bellefonte.

A special invitation has been extended to Irv Dreese, John Noll, Jim Schofield and Hughie Taylor to visit Philadelphia at an early date and take a ride in the handsomely furnished launch which the government provides the Surveyor of the Port for entertaining intimate friends.

Young Appoints Mooseers.

Robert K. Young, of Wellsboro, former Auditor General, became State Treasurer of Pennsylvania at noon on Monday without formality, although scores of people filled his office to offer congratulations and sent floral tributes. The Treasurer receipted to C. F. Wright, Susquehanna, retiring Treasurer, for $8,144,734.73 in the general fund and $785,699.72 in the sinking fund and for the bonds held by the State. He gave a $500,000 bond to the State. Mr. Young announced these appointments:

Thomas A. Crichton, Wellsboro, former deputy Auditor General, cashier, succeeding Henry D. Jones, Susquehanna; Henry D. Jones, Susquehanna, corporation clerk; Berkey H. Boyd, Westmoreland, clerk; William C. Martin, Allegheny, clerk, and Marshall Ficklin, Dauphin, messenger.

All but Mr. Jones have been identified with the Washington party, and Mr. Young stated that as long as Republicans predominate in the department he will appoint no more Republicans.

Senator A. W. Powell, Allegheny, became Auditor General on Tuesday at noon. He resigned as a Senator on Monday night, and stated that he would not make any appointments for some time, as the act for the reorganization of his office will not become effective until June 1.

To Remove Battle Flags.

Senator Joseph Alexander, of the Centre-Clearfield district, author of the bill to provide for a formal transfer of the battleflags from the State Museum to the Capitol rotunda, said in Harrisburg several days ago that he intended to go before the House appropriations committee and ask for favorable recommendation for the bill. The Senator is a veteran of the Civil War with a record that is worth while. He was in almost the whole war and was wounded, taken prisoner and exchanged and in many of the big battles. He tramped through most of Virginia and was at Gettysburg.

"I sincerely hope the members of the House will vote to provide for the formal transfer of the flags. Every flag represents the lives of Pennsylvanians and expenditure of many thousands of money, if they can be mentioned at the same time," said he. "I would rather forego attending the celebration at Gettysburg than have those flags transferred without some ceremony befitting the occasion. I cherish the battleflag of my regiment and thousands of Pennsylvanians who fought in the war feel the same way. It would hardly do to simply move those flags from the museum to the place where they will rest for many years to come without allowing the men who fought under them opportunity to pay them due honor or at least to know that Pennsylvania is not unmindful of what they mean."

Read "The Republican" $1 year in advance.

VIA WIRELESS.

When the wires flashed the news that Charley Kurtz had been appointed Surveyor of the Port at Philadelphia, at $5,000 per year, the local Democracy experienced feelings of mixed emotions. Needless to say, there was joy unconfined at the office of the "Centre Democrat." The Democratic reorganizers turned flippers in enthusiastic delight. The regulars who have been betting mountains to grains of sand that Kurtz wouldn't have a look-in for the fat job, were submerged in grief. Some of them wouldn't walk on the same side of the street in which the Kurtz element held forth.

Many Democrats called to personally extend congratulations on the fact that one of their number had fallen into a good thing. Quite a number of personal friends expressed gratification that a fellow townsman had been so signally honored. A few of the more commercially inclined expressed satisfaction that some of the $5,000 per would drift into Bellefonte.

Not all of the messages were delivered in person. A few went via wireless and were as follows:

Well I'll be d——d.
P. G. M.

You're not even a Democrat.
J. N.

$5000 per year; it's cheap at that.
W. H. W.

I'll never again vote the Democratic ticket.
S. K. W.

Hope you fall off the dock.
J. S.

And so on, some of the gems of thought being so clothed as to make publication dangerous, if not impossible. The new Surveyor of the Port, with credentials safely tucked in an inside pocket, laughed at his discomfited opponents in the Democratic party. Having landed his plum he didn't need to care, and what was more aggravating he didn't care. It was a big day in town with and for the Democrats and the new Surveyor of the Port was the central figure.

Not being concerned with the joys and sorrows of the Democratic party, we carefully refrain from voicing other than a personal sentiment. To a fellow newspaper man we extend hearty congratulations on having so cleverly walked off with a prize worth while. It is our hope and belief that as Surveyor of the Port he will "make good." Of this there can be no question if he applies the same effort and energy which has served to make the "Centre Democrat" one of the newsiest and best newspapers in the State.

Vance McCormick's Comment.

The Harrisburg "Patriot," which is owned by Vance McCormick, one of the "big three" in the new Democratic State organization, published the following editorial anent the appointment of Mr. Kurtz:

"Although it had been forecasted and was generally expected the appointment of Charles R. Kurtz, of Bellefonte, as Surveyor of Customs at the Port of Philadelphia, will be received with great satisfaction by the rank and file of the sincere and disinterested Democrats of Pennsylvania and by all who know his personal worth and public spirit.

"From the beginning of the movement to reorganize the Democratic party in this State Mr. Kurtz was an unflinching and effective fighter in the good cause.

"At his home where he is the editor and proprietor of the Centre Democrat, he led the fight against the bi-partisan ring under Meek-Hall leadership that had long run the county. The odds against Kurtz and his friends were heavy and the gang resorted to the basest trickery to win, but they could not. The reorganizers under the leadership of Kurtz elected their delegate to the Democratic State convention of 1912 by the use of stickers, their regularly nominated candidate having been in some way induced by the ring to withdraw and leave the county after it was too late to get the name of another candidate printed on the ticket.

"Mr. Kurtz's devotion and successful service was recognized by his election as a delegate-at-large to the National Democratic Convention at Baltimore, where he stood as one of the solid seventy-three from Pennsylvania that never wavered in its adherence to Wilson and made his nomination sure.

"During the campaign that followed Mr. Kurtz, by appointment of the State Committee, had charge of the publicity bureau at Democratic headquarters and did good and effective work.

"To his new duties in the Philadelphia Customs house he will bring the same energy, intelligence and high character that have won success for him in his work for his county, his State and his party."

To Prevent Party "Raiding."

The bill designed to halt "party raiding" by making voters declare their party affiliations when registering, was passed finally in the Legislature at Harrisburg on Tuesday.

George Stine Dead.

George Stine, one of the best known and most popular residents of Scotia, died at his home at that place on Saturday morning, last, at 5.30 o'clock. His death was due to weakness of the heart. Funeral services were held from the Methodist Episcopal church on Tuesday morning, conducted by Rev. Mr. Johnson, assisted by Rev. Mr. Runyan. The services were largely attended, testifying to the worth of Mr. Stine as a citizen and the esteem in which he was held by the people of his home community. Mr. Stine was born June 6, 1856, in Clarion County, the son of Henry and Esther Stine. He resided at Scotia for 30 years. He was an expert blacksmith. Surviving to mourn his passing away are a widow and these children: Annie, John, Isaac, Thomas and Mrs. A. Z. Mattern. The following brothers also survive: Irvin, John, Lincoln and Thomas, all of Altoona.

Katherine G. Heylmun Dead.

After an illness of four years, Miss Katherine G. Heylmun died on Wednesday evening of last week at the home of her father, Jacob G. Heylmun, on Curtin Street. Deceased was born in Lycoming County and was aged 35 years. In 1884 she removed to Bellefonte with her parents and made her home in Bellefonte from that time until her death. Surviving are her father and one brother, Harris B. Heylmun, of Pittsburgh. Funeral services were held on Saturday, interment being made in the Union cemetery.

Unclaimed Letters.

The following letters remain unclaimed at the Bellefonte postoffice for the past week:

George Corrigan, Miss Lottie Koonsman, Lucy McAllorge, Mrs. Orville, S. F. Welsh, Mrs. M. Williamson. Foreign, Quavene, 5 B Penn St., Pietro Bulughano, Guiseppe Di Onofrio, Klara Jusas, P. Rusan.

Dr. Conner to Preach.

Rev. B. Q. Conner, D. D., president of Dickinson Seminary at Williamsport, will preach in the Pleasant Gap Methodist Episcopal church on Sunday morning, next, at 10.15 o'clock, and at Axe Mann at 1.30 in the afternoon. Dr Conner will preach in the Bellefonte Methodist Episcopal church in the evening at 7.30 o'clock.

George W. Curtin Dead.

George W. Curtin, a native of Philipsburg, died on Tuesday of last week in the Williamsport hospital from Bright's disease. Interment was made at Tyrone. He was 47 years old and for the last five years had resided at Mifflinburg.

Veteran Railroader Retired.

H. H. Vroman who for 42 years was yardmaster at Osceola for the P. R. R., was last week placed on the retired list. Admiring friends presented him with a handsome leather chair.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE.
Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonial sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The Librarian's Chance.

The ignorant Bignon was appointed through influence to the post of royal librarian of Louis XV.

When Bignon's uncle heard of this appointment he said:

"Splendid! Magnificent! And now, my dear nephew, you will at last have an excellent opportunity to learn to read."

"Giving Quarter."

The expression "giving quarter" has a curious origin. When the Spaniards fought the Dutch in the Netherlands there was an agreement between them that the ransom of a soldier should be a quarter of his pay.

To "ask quarter" was to offer one-fourth of the soldier's pay as ransom, and to refuse quarter, of course, was to decline to accept that amount.

West Virginia.

West Virginia's highest mountain is located in Pendleton county and is known as Spruce Knob. Its altitude, according to the United States geological survey, is 4,860 feet. The lowest point in the state is on Potomac river, 240 feet above sea level. The average elevation of the state is about 1,500 feet.

Origin of the Sidesaddle.

The use of the sidesaddle for women riders is traced to the time of Anne of Bohemia, eldest daughter of the emperor of Germany, who married Richard II. of England. Previous to this date all Englishwomen bestrode their horse man fashion, but on account of a deformity this German bride was forced to use a sidesaddle, and the custom became general.

Will Boost Freight Rates.

Speaking at a luncheon tendered him on Monday by the Pittsburgh Chamber of Commerce, President Samuel Rea, of the Pennsylvania railroad, forecasted a general increase in freight rates. Mr. Rea said:

"We find it most difficult for the railroads to raise money for improvements, and there is little light ahead. We are asking no favors. All we want is fair play. The eastern divisions of the Pennsylvania railroad are making less than five per cent. on their investment. Consider the amount of money involved and the small return of 4.85 per cent. If the company had not been properly managed it would not be paying even this small return. We are therefore obliged to look forward to a general and moderate increase in rates. The recent floods have cost us $3,600,000, which amount has been cash outlay. We must rely on the support of the public to secure the increase in rates which, it is clear, we need."

Income Tax in Past.

"Reader."—The income tax collected in the United States from 1863 to 1877 yielded $345,908,738. The law was repealed in 1871. The original measure taxed all incomes over $600 and under $10,000 at the rate of three per cent., and on all over $10,000 it levied a tax of five per cent. In 1865 the law was amended so as to increase the three per cent. tax to five per cent., and the five per cent. tax on incomes over $10,000 was changed to a ten per cent. tax upon the excess over $5000 income, the exemption of $600 remaining the same. In 1867 the $600 exemption was changed to $1000 and the tax was fixed at 5 per cent. on all incomes in excess of $1000. In 1870 the exemption was made $2000 and the tax 2½ per cent. The tax was paid during 1868 by 250,000 persons out of 40,000,000 and represented an aggregate income of not less than $850,000,000.—Exchange.

"The Home Over There."

There! First but not most of all, leaving our home here in Bellefonte, after a happy residence of forty-two years, it is with some profound regret; our thoughts will often revert to the beautiful spring city amid the mountains of Central Pennsylvania.

Departing this Thursday morning to reside nearer our kindred friends in Bethlehem, Pa., where for "yet a little while" we do the bidding of the Christian poet, and with hopeful prospect to think of "the home over there." The severance of the ties that bind us to friendly residents in Bellefonte will not be severed forever.

R. CRITTENDEN,
Missioner.

Baseball Tomorrow.

A first-class baseball game is scheduled for tomorrow on Hughes field, at 3.15 o'clock, the opposing teams being the Bellefonte Academy and the Bloomsburg State Normal. The latter team has been putting up a fine game this season and comes to Bellefonte with the reputation of being a hard-hitting aggregation. A large crowd should be on hand. Comparatively few games are scheduled for the home grounds this season and fans should take advantage of especially the best ones. That for tomorrow is billed as one of the best of the season. On Saturday of last week the Academy defeated the Altoona Lyceum nine 10-3. Kennedy was in the box for his first big game with the Academy and pitched good ball.

Married at Beech Creek.

A pretty wedding was solemnized at noon on Sunday, last, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. White, at Beech Creek, the contracting parties being their daughter, Edna, and Albert Stiver, of Stormstown. Rev. S. J. McCracken, of Bianchard, performed the ceremony. The out-of-town guests included Joseph Stiver, father of the groom, and Charles Lytle and Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Eves, of Stormstown, and Mr. and Mrs. George Smith, of WarriorsMark. The happy young couple will reside for the present with the bride's parents, at Beech Creek.

Married at State College.

At noon on Saturday of last week Walter D. Ludwick and Miss Hannah D. Johnson, both of Boalsburg, were united in the holy bonds of wedlock by Rev. Dr. Frear, the ceremony being performed in the Evangelical parsonage at State College. The happy young couple are well and favorably known in their home community and have many friends who wish them the greatest success and prosperity. The groom is engaged in forestry service, while his bride is chief nurse for Theodore Boal. They will go to housekeeping in the old Boal mansion near Boalsburg.

Marriage Licenses.

Register Frank C. Smith has issued the following marriage licenses:

Willard Musser, Catherine Holibaugh	Oriental, Pa. "
Harry Northrup, Eva P. Hughes,	State College Osceola Mills
Leslie Horner, Clara Dean,	Waddle "
Willard J. Eminhizer, Daisy R. Watson,	Curtin "
George F. Walker, Clair E. Schaffer,	Zion "

ROYAL
BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure

The only Baking Powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar

NO ALUM, NO LIME PHOSPHATE

Reduced Gompers' Sentence.

The contempt of court judgments upon Samuel Gompers, Frank Morrison and John Mitchell, officials of the American Federation of Labor, were sustained on Monday by the Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia, which, however, revised the sentences to give Gompers thirty days' imprisonment and fine Mitchell and Morrison $500 each with no jail term.

The Chief Justice of the court dissenting, held that the entire judgment should be reversed. The lower court gave Gompers one year, Mitchell nine months and Morrison six months without option of fine. All were convicted of violation of a court injunction in the noted Bucks Stove and Range case.

An appeal from the decision will be taken to the Supreme Court of the United States if attorneys for the labor leaders can find ground upon which to ask the highest court to review the judgment. On a previous appeal to the Supreme Court the judgment was effectually dismissed and the contempt proceedings were brought all over again. In the previous action the decision of the court below holding the men in contempt, was unanimous. The dissenting opinion of the Chief Justice on Monday probably will present one avenue of further appeal. The case has been a hard fought one and attracted wide attention because of the prominence of the men involved. The contempt was alleged to have been the publication of the name of the Bucks Stove and Range Company in a so-called "boycott list" in the American Federation of Labor's official magazine after it had been forbidden in the court.

For Sale

Located in Milesburg Borough.

Good Comfortable Home

with all modern improvements, complete bath room, acetylene lights, hot air furnace, fine cellar, summer-house, chicken house, pig-pen, garage, gasoline tank, large stable, elegant garden, lot of fruit, nice side yard.

Lot 50 x 150 Feet

All buildings were roofed last year with Cedar shingles and fitted with new rain spouts.

Also a 5-acre field that should go with this home - about 1000 yards from above mentioned property.

Also 1 brick building 45½x78ft, 2 story, suitable for carriage works, livery stable or for any manufacturing purposes. Above premises will be sold at a sacrifice price. Inquire of

MRS. ADA B. BULLOCK,
State College, Pa.

Say They Were Ignored.

Some residents of Linden Hall have expressed dissatisfaction with the arrangements for the conference held last week in Bellefonte to discuss proposed routes for State road improvements. At the conference representatives of several sections of the county met with C. L. Gramley and urged their claims regarding their respective routes. Since the conference some residents of Linden Hall have complained that they had no advance knowledge that a conference was to be held and therefore did not have an opportunity to appear and present their claims for the route they favor from Linden Hall to Lemont.

Notice of Application for Charter.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made by A. W. Lee, A. J. Musser and John W. Wrigley, to the Governor of Pennsylvania, on Thursday, May 15th, 1913, at 10:00 A. M., under the provisions of an act of Assembly, entitled "An Act to provide for the Incorporation and Regulation of Certain Corporations," approved the 29th. day of April 1874, and the several supplements thereto, for a charter for an intended corporation to be called

TUSSEY GAS COMPANY

the character and object of which is for the purpose of manufacturing for heating and cooking purposes artificial gas and supplying the same to the public in the Borough of State College, County of Centre and State of Pennsylvania, and to such persons, partnerships and corporations residing therein or adjacent thereto as may desire the same, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and the Supplements thereto conferred.

H. F. WALLACE,
4-23-3t. Solicitor.

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POE STEAM COMPANY

the character and object of which is for the purpose of supplying heat by means of steam to the public in the Borough of State College, County of Centre and State of Pennsylvania, and to such persons, partnerships and corporations residing therein or adjacent thereto as may desire the same, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges by said Act of Assembly and the Supplements thereto conferred.

H. F. WALLACE,
4-23-3t Solicitor.

Court Proclamation!

Whereas the Honorable Ellis L. Orvis, President Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of the 49th. Judicial District, consisting of the county of Centre, having issued his precept, bearing date the 29th day of March 1913, to me directed for holding a Court of Common Pleas, Orphans' Court, Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace, Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery, in Bellefonte, for the county of Centre, and to commence on the

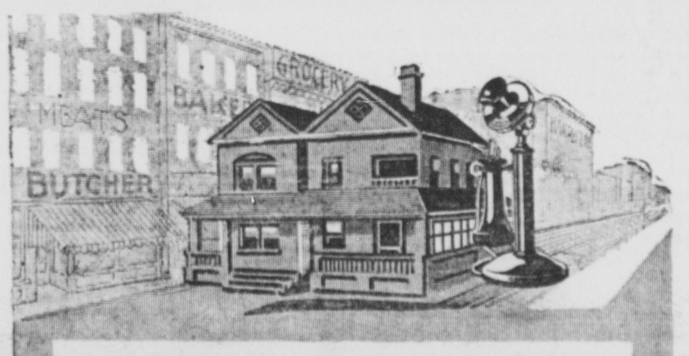
THIRD MONDAY OF MAY,

being the 19th. day of May, 1913, and to continue two weeks.

NOTICE is hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace, Aldermen and Constables of said county of Centre, that they be then and there in their proper persons at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of the 19th., with their records, inquisitions, examinations and their own remembrances, to do those things which to their office appertains to be done, and those who are bound in recognizances, to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of Centre county, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Given under my hand, at Bellefonte, the 21st day of April in the year of our Lord, 1913, and the one hundred and thirty-sixth year of the Independence of the United States of America.

ARTHUR B. LEE,
Sheriff's Office, Bellefonte, Pa. Sheriff.
April 21st, 1913.



Put Your Home on Main Street

With Bell Telephone service in your home, you are just across the street from every storekeeper in town. Stop to think what this means in time, trouble and steps saved.

The telephone will dispose with surprising ease of hundreds of those petty household cares of yours, lightening your responsibilities and putting a real song into the day's work.

It's unfair to yourself not to embrace advantages which lie as close at hand and so within your means.

Call the Business Office to-day and order a Bell Telephone.

The Bell Telephone Co. of Penna.
W. S. MALLALIEU, Local Manager.
Bellefonte, Pa.

The County at a Glance.

Howard.

Charles Robb visited his sister at Williamsport last week.

Miss Olive Gardner and mother, of Blanchard, were in Howard last Wednesday preparatory for Miss Gardner's departure for Bermuda.

Charles Bowes, who has been employed in York state, is home for a few days.

Shedrick Williams of Martha visited Isaac Williams Thursday.

Clayton Brown, proprietor of one of Bellefonte's motion picture theatres, was in town Thursday.

Fred Fields recently purchased from George Holt 8 young foxes which he shipped to a hunting club near Philadelphia.

Last Thursday, Rev. Carson of State College, was installed at Jacksonville, as minister of the Lick Run and Bald Eagle charges of the Presbyterian church. Dr. Hawes of Bellefonte was in charge and was assisted by Rev. Martin of State College, and Rev. Harnish, of Lemont.

Miss Jane McCalmont, of Bellefonte, visited Mrs. S. H. Bennison on Thursday and attended the installation of Rev. Carson, at Jacksonville.

Charles Bowes was a business visitor at Bellefonte Friday.

Fred Fields purchased an automobile last Thursday and motored to Williamsport on Saturday, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wetzel and Miss Yearick.

Mrs. Bower Schenck was a Bellefonte visitor Saturday.

Friday night one of the large window glass in A. A. Schenck's hardware store was broken by some unknown persons.

Fred and Marion Pletcher spent Sunday and Monday with their sister, Mrs. A. D. Gledhill, at Tyrone.

Rebecca Lucas is visiting her brother, Oscar at Altoona.

Prof. George Robb was in Howard Saturday and Sunday.

John Mokle and little daughter, Beatrice, spent Sunday at Lemont.

H. C. Holter is building a new house for J. C. Stere at Unionville.

Willard McDowell, Earl Leathers, Harry Bechdel, Frank Williams, Philip Holter, Merrill Smith, Harry Diehl, William Wetzel, Samuel Daughenbaugh and Thomas Butler, took advantage of the excursion to Washington Sunday and viewed different sights there.

The first quarterly conference of the United Evangelical church was held Saturday afternoon, May 3. Presiding Elder, Rev. Benfer, conducted the conference.

D. B. Schenck was a business visitor to Bellefonte on Saturday.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of P. Edwin Thomas, of Cincinnatti, Ohio, formerly of this place, and Miss Alice Craven, of New Brighton, Pa.

Mrs. Robert Cook and daughter, Rosetta, were Lock Haven shoppers on Tuesday.

Mrs. O. W. McEntire was brought home from the Lock Haven hospital on Wednesday evening. Her condition, we regret to note, shows no improvement.

Prof. F. M. Pletcher, Jason Snyder, George Pifer, Michael Pletcher, Samuel Pletcher, John Williams, Edythe Butler, Zelma Sullenbarger, Pearl Pletcher and Beulah Holter were the High school representative at State College Friday scholastic day. The High school has the material to enter some of the athletic contests if they had a field for practice.

Miss Emma Shay departed on Wednesday for State College where she has been employed by A. C. Longee.

Joseph Loder is suffering from neuralgia.

Professor Thomas Luces, one of the instructors at the Pottsville Business College, is enjoying a visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Lucas.

Mrs. Glossner, who has been staying at the home of Curtin Fox, left for Pittsburgh on Wednesday.

John Weber and son, Walter, this week went to Weedville where Mr. Weber's daughter, Loretta, will today (Thursday) complete a very successful term of school.

Miss Laura Williams on Tuesday motored to Bellefonte and Lock Haven as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Simons, of Lock Haven.

Miss Eva Neff, of the Methodist, Blair Pletcher, of the Disciple, and Homer Yearick, of the Reformed, were the Sunday School delegates to the Sunday school convention held at Rebersburg the forepart of the week.

Howard Boro council met in regular session Monday evening, May 5th. with Messrs Schenck, Mayes, McDowell, Kline and Fox present. Minutes of the preceding meeting were read and approved. Street committee reported all walks repaired except P. R. R. Co., and Moore's. Water committee reported that they made the following contract with Anderson Bros. for the use of water on North Walnut street: For sprinkling, $1.00 per day; steam roller, 50c per day and for engine 50c per day. The Boro agreed to lay a 2-inch water main from Walnut stree to the alley adjoining the Pifer property. Nuisance committee had no report. Bills to the amount of $49.86 were paid.

Scotia.

Merrill Williams, of this place, now employed with the P. R. R., at Bellwood, spent Sunday with his parents here.

David Behers and sister, Mrs. P. E. Hicks, visited on Sunday with their brother, G. W. Behers, at Rock.

Lawyer W. G. Runkle, of Bellefonte, was seen going through our town on Saturday and again while returning on Monday. No doubt he finds a Sunday in the country worth two in town.

Those on the sick list include Mrs. E. T. Kellerman, Mrs. H. B. Parsons, Thomas and Irene McKivison, all of whom are better at this writing. Orfie Lykens, who is ill from pneumonia, is no better at present.

William Burnside seems to be pretty busy shipping sand and flint these days.

We are all patiently waiting for the word that will start the furnaces at Bellefonte, for the same word will make the wheels go 'round here.

The community learned with profound regret of the death on Saturday of our fellow townsman, George A. Stine. He was one of the best known residents at Scotia, coming here from Altoona about 30 years ago. About 35 years ago he was united in marriage to Miss Ellen Lykens. From the time he was a young man to the day of his death Mr. Stine was a member of the United Brethren church. For many years he worked in the Scotia shops as a blacksmith. He was one of those genial, kindly gentlemen who have a smile for everybody and because of his many good qualities he will be greatly missed by his home friends and neighbors.

Harvester Strike Ended.

The entire force of the International Harvester Company at Auburn, N. Y., whose employes had been on strike since March 20, returned to work Monday morning, in arcordance with an arrangement made last week.

Pine Grove Mills.

This week will see most of the corn in the ground.

W. E. Ghaner, of Pine Hall, transacted business in town on Saturday evening.

William Swabb, who looks after the Harris township roads, and who seems to be the right man in the rihgt place, spent the Sabbath with his brother Frank, here.

George Miller and Ray Albert are ivy poison victims.

William D. Port is visiting with friends this week in the Mountain City.

Mrs. Joseph Albright and Grandmother Hubler are convalescing after their long illness.

J. B. Rockey, of Fillmore, spent Sunday with Grandpa Bowersox, on Main Street.

Miss Sue Danpley, Mrs. Hannah Osman and W. E. McWilliams are in attendance at the Sunday School convention at Rebersburg this week. An invitation will be extended to hold the next session at Baileyville.

Col. William Foster, of Lewisburg, spent several days last week looking after some business affairs at State College.

J. B. Rockey, of Fillmore, was obliged to kill a valuable horse last Friday on account of a broken leg. The horse was kicked by another which happened to get loose during the night.

J. B. and M. E. Heberling, with their wives, came over from State College in Benton's brand-new buzz wagon and spent the Sabbath with their mother, who is nursing a broken breast bone, caused by a fall while moving some furniture during house-cleaning days. Dr. Woods adjusted the fracture and she is getting along nicely.

Mac Goheen, of Tyrone, spent several days last week on the old home farm with J. C. Harpster, his tenant. The latter is an up-to-date farmer in the Rock Springs section.

Prof. Paul and daughter have taken rooms with Clayton Struble while closing out his school term. Mrs. Paul and the smaller children returned on Friday to Camden, N. J.

Mr. and Mrs. William Johnstonbaugh, of Alto, autoed over to our town and spent Friday at the W. C. Collins home.

E. C. Musser and W. E. Reed are laid up for repairs, suffering from lumbago.

Comrade Will Tate, one of Penns valley's up-to-date farmers, transacted business at State College Tuesday. He is contemplating selling his farm and retiring for a well-earned rest.

Alex Miller, while homeward bound from his work on his bicycle last Friday evening, in some manner got his dinner pail entangled with the wheel and was thrown violently into the road. He landed on his head and lay there unconscious until Walter Weaver came along and acted the part of the good Samaritan by delivering the young man to his home on Main Street, where he recovered consciousness some time that night. He is now coming around all right.

After a two weeks' visit among friends down Penns valley Miss Esther Osman returned home on Monday. She was perfectly delighted with her trip.

Irv Dreese in his new auto took a spin through the valley on Monday, giving a party of lady friends a jolly ride and also a good dusting.

The stretch of State road between Struble and State College is being graded and much of the ballasting is on, with the steam roller busy on the job. Recently the White Hall route has been changed via the Branch over the old Kogen road. The Loopers and Boalsburgers are in joyous glee over the new route from Potters Mills, Tusseyville, Boalsburg and the Branch to State College. This route is some seven miles shorter from Lewistown to State College. Let 'er go Gallagher.

Last Monday afternoon, between one and two o'clock, Fred Gearhart's stable, just East of town, burned to the ground. The contents represented some feed, new lumber, buggy, harness and sleigh and also a lot of tools All were destroyed. No insurance. Mr. Gearhart was at State College at the time and no one happened to be at home but Mrs. Gearhart and several small children. It was but an instant until the building was entirely in flames and nothing could be saved. The building belonged to Mrs. Ella Smiley, of Altoona. Hard luck for the Gearharts. It is only a few years since they were burned out of house and home on Water Street.

John, William and Emanuel Smith, of Spring Mills, in the firm's auto, motored through here and spent a short time greeting friends. They were enroute to Tyrone to spend the Sabbath. Miss Mary Smith was at the wheel.

The Clayton Etters home was the scene of a jolly surprise party on Wednesday evening of last week, the affair being in honor of his good wife.

On May 16th the citizens of Boalsburg will hold an entertainment in Boal's Hall, the proceeds of which will be used to replenish the hose for the fire company. It is proposed furnishing 300 feet of new hose and making some other improvements. The entertainment will wind up with a dance.

Mt. Eagle

E. H. Leathers has had his men busy of late setting out young trees in his orchard on the side of Muncy mountain. He put out 1000 trees.

Mr. and Mrs. John Leathers were Bellefonte shoppers one day this week.

Mrs. Archie Bathurst and children spent Wednesday in Howard with the former's mother, Mrs. James Hayes.

Mrs. J. F. Deitz and Mrs. Al. Strickland spent Thursday in Howard, doing some shopping and greeting friends.

Mrs. Mollie Leathers one day last week fell and severely sprained her ankle, since which time she has not been able to walk on it.

Billy Gates, who is working at Hays Run, spent Sunday here with his family.

Grandmother Huffman, of Beech Creek, is visiting with her daughter, Mrs. William Bitner.

Miss Thomas, of Howard, the music teacher, was here between trains last Thursday evening, looking after her pupils.

William Butler has a son who is very ill at this writing.

Miss Mable Loder, of Howard, and Miss Confer are guests of Miss Florence Leathers.

Everybody down here is busy cleaning house and making garden. Some of the men folks are sorry they are not away visiting at this particular time.

The physicians say that the smallpox patients are getting along very nicely.

There was a moving picture show in the Mt. Eagle school house last Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Heaton, of Milesburg, spant Sunday on the farm with Mrs. J. K. Leathers and John Shope.

Walter Daughenbaugh and Willis Emenhiser and two lady friends visited Mt. Eagle on Sunday.

Mrs. T. G. Leathers and Ellsworth Heverly were Bellefonte shoppers on Saturday evening.

Miss Julia Daughenbaugh, of Beech Creek, spent a few days with her aunt, Mrs. Archie Bathurst, and also her young friends.

Miss Pletcher, of Howard, visited between trains last Sunday with Miss Florence Leathers.

Would You Take Poison?

You may think that a foolish question. Probably it is—just in that form—but how many of you who read this are allowing poisonous matters to remain in your body, neglecting the symptoms that show their presence ?

The liver is charged with the duty of removing from the body poisonous wastes, the accumulation of which retard the various organs their activities, pollute the blood and undermine the general health. Can you not see how important it is that the liver be kept in proper condition ?

Rexall Liver Salts is the best remedy we know of for all forms of liver ailments and the various disorders that arise from an improper condition of the liver. It acts toward strengthening the liver, stimulating the flow of the bile and restoring liver health.

If your liver is out of order—if you are sluggish and out of sorts, if you are run-down, listless, lowspirited, despondent—use Rexall Liver Salts. You have our positive guarantee that it will give satisfaction, or your money back. Prices, 25 and 50 cents. Sold in this community only at our store—The Rexall Store.—

GREEN'S PHCY. CO.

The Rexall Store

Blanchard.

Work on the State highway was resumed last week in this section. W. H. Austin is supervising operations at the western end and will have charge of the extension work as far as Milesburg.

Shuman S. Williams, principal of schools, has purchased the Charles Johnson residence and several acres of ground. They will take possession when the Johnsons move to their new home at State College.

No little disappointment was manifested on receipt of the news here that the Pennsylvania railroad officials had refused the request that train No. 52 stop on the flag at Beech Creek station. Close connections at Lock Haven was given as the reason for refusing the request.

Quite a few persons from here took in the excursion to Washington last Sunday.

Woodward.

Mrs. Sadie Walter, from Johnstown, is visiting her brother, William Walter.

Mrs. William Weaver spent Saturday and Sunday with friends in Aaronsburg.

A. M. Yearick, wife and children, Virgil and Miles, spent the Sabbath with the lady's parents in Laurelton.

Misses Mabelle Guisewite and Alma Stover made a business trip to Bellefonte on Monday.

Mrs. Clayton Sheesley, who had been quite sick several days last week, is able to be about again.

Miss Mabelle Stover spent the latter part of last week with her grandma, Mrs. Wolfe.

Here is Relief or Women.

If you have pains in the back, Urinary, Bladder or Kidney trouble, try Mother Gray's Aromatic Leaf, a pleasant herb remedy for women's ills and a great tonic laxative. At Druggists or by mail 50c., sample FREE. Address, Mother Gray Co., LeRoy, N. Y.

Bellefonte Markets.

Corrected by the John Meese store

Eggs, per dozen	.16
Butter, per pound	.28

Bellefonte Grain Market.

Corrected by Gamble, Gheen & Co.

Wheat, white or mixed	.95
Wheat, red	1.00
Corn, shelled (per bu.)	.50
Corn, ears, (per bu.)	.50
Oats, (per bu.)	.32
Rye, (per bu.)	.60
Barley, (per bu.)	.55
Buckwheat, (per bu.)	.50

Never can tell when you'll mash a finger or suffer a cut, bruise, burn or scald. Be prepared. Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil instantly relieves the pain—quickly cures the wound.—Advt.

Read "The Republican $1 a year in advance.

Penny-A-Word Column.

WANTED—White pine wood. Write or inquire of P. B. Crider & Son, Bellefonte, Pa.,

FOR SALE—Full blood Pekin ducks. Inquire of G. M. DUBBS, Bellefonte Pa. 3-19-3t.

WANTED—Sober industrious young man to do dairy work. PARK VIEW DAIRY, Osceola Mills, Pa.

FOR SALE—Single house and lot on WillowBank Street. Inquire MRS. S. E. SATERFIELD, Bishop, Street, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR RENT—One good house. Three offices, steam heated in Exchange Building. Storage rooms.
F. W. CRIDER.

FOR SALE—4 Holstein Freisian cows, springers; also calves of both sexes bred from registered Holstein Freisian bull. R. D. MUSSER, Spring Mills, Pa.

FOR SALE—Black mare, six years old; weight about 900; drive single or double; good under saddle.
T. F. LONS,
Bellefonte, R. F. D. No. 2.

FOR SALE—Eight head cows and young cattle; one cow fresh and two fresh soon; one team farm horses, weigh 2800. Call on or address, W. T. HARPER, Unionville, Pa., P. O. Address, Fleming, Pa.

LOST—A blue coat, trimmed with flowered cuffs and collar, was lost somewhere in Bellefonte, between the hospital and Bishop street. The owner believes that she lost the coat while walking on Water Street, to High, up High to Allegheny and thence to Bishop Street. Finder will be suitably rewarded on returning the coat to "The Republican" office.

LOOK!

HERE'S A BARGAIN IN MACHINERY

1 Second-Hand 25-horse power steam engine; mounted on boiler; in first class condition; sell cheap.

1 Second-hand 2-horse power gasolin engine; first class condition.

Garbrick Bros.

Opposite Big Spring
Commercial Phone—Bell Phone, 2075
Bellefonte, - - - - - Pa

CLASTER'S | CLASTER'S

A SALE OF MEN'S SUITS at $10.00 THAT ARE WONDERFUL

"Wonderful" is a broad word, but it applies to these Suits. In the first place—Their values are $15 and $16.50 In the second place, being of light weight worsteds, plain and fancy Blue Serges, and of the very latest cut and style, they are good to wear now on cool days in the summer or even next fall—Many men buy at special sales now for next season's use. There are about 150 suits, yet the lot may not last the week out. merely because more than 150 men will recognize the money value of a sale of such suits as these.

Men's Dress Trousers the $4.00 Kind at $2.98

included in this lot is plain and fancy all wool blue Serges, diagonal cashmere and worsteds, size 32 waist to 44 waist. The finest custom tailored trousers that you'll find anywhere. Made with belt loops, side pockets, watch pocket and hip pockets. Perfect fitting effect.

We're Selling MEN'S HATS

At Lower Prices Than Any Other Store.

We have closed out 55 dozen of Men's and Young Men's new Spring Hats in felts. Colors are black, brown, grey and other leading shades in all styles. Not a hat in the lot is worth less than $1.50 and up to $2.00 It will pay you handsomely to see these goods as there is a bonafide saving from 50c to $1.00 on every hat you chose at - - $1.00 each

THREE DOLLARS WORTH OF FOOTWEAR.

Our Women's New Lenox Shoes, Pumps and Oxfords for $2.48

A good big three dollars worth. Choice of all the newest leather, including dull leather and cloth top shoes also white sea island canvass. All the newest spry models in pumps in all leather. Hand turned soles, plain and tipped toe, high Cuban, military and regular heels, sizes 2½ to 7 C. D. & E widths.

DREER'S Seeds Plants Bulbs

The seeds you sow make your garden a success—or a failure.

With Dreer's Dependable Seeds you are assured of success, because they are the result of seventy-five years of experimenting and testing by experts. Only what experience has proved to be the *best* are offered.

Dreer's Diamond Jubilee Garden Book for 1913 contains cultural articles written by experts. It lists every dependable flower and vegetable, has 288 pages with photo-reproductions on every page, four beautiful color plates and six duotone plates.

write for a Copy—free

Henry A. Dreer 714 Chestnut St. Philadelphia.

EXTERMINATING MOSQUITOES

Surest Way is to Get Rid of all Standing Water.

The Union County (New Jersey) Mosquito Extermination Commission has published the following interesting bulletin:

Mosquitoes breed only in water that is allowed to stand. While it is true that they may be found in grass, weeds, shrubbery and vines, it is not true that they breed in such places. The eggs cannot hatch, nor the mosquito larvae develop, except in still or stagnant water. Therefore if we are to rid Union County of mosquitoes, we must do away with the standing water in which they may breed. A large quantity is not necessary; anything that will hold water—a pail, broken crockery, rain barrel, cistern, open cesspool, tin can, etc., may contain enough water to supply your entire neighborhood with the pests that make life miserable and sometimes carry disease. The kind of mosquitoes that infest your houses do not come from the salt marshes or large bodies of water, but in nearly every case were hatched within a thousand feet of your house, in some small pool or collection of water. One rain barrel by actual count has been known to produce 16,800 mosqu toes in a week.

To get rid of mosquitoes first get rid of all standing water on your property by filling in or drainage. Get rid of all tin cans, broken dishes, bottles or anything in which water may collect. If you are not using your rain barrel or pails, turn them upside down. Do not let water accumulate after rain where it is possible to avoid it.

Second, if you must keep standing water on your premises, see that it is entirely renewed by a clean, fresh supply every week, or at least keep it well screened or oiled. If the water is kept covered or protected by a fine screen or film of oil, the mosquito cannot get to it to lay her eggs. Put a tight mosquito netting or wooden cover on your rain barrel, water tub or pail, for you are probably getting three-fourths of your mosquitoes from this source, if it is uncovered. See that your cistern and cesspool are covered or kept oiled.

Third, wherever it is impossible to do away with breeding places by filling in drainage, or proper screening or covering, a fine film of kerosene or crude oil should be sprinkled on such places about every ten days. One cup full of oil is sufficient for fifteen square feet of surface.

Any of these methods will prevent breeding on your property. Are you willing to help increase property values in your neighborhood, and lessen the number of these annoying and dangerous pests? It is easy to do it, if you, everywhere in Union County, will look to your own premises.

Does Whitewashing Help Trees?

Prof. H. A. Surface, State Zoologist of Pennsylvania, Harrisburg, receives many inquiries on the subject of whitewashing trees, and takes this occasion to issue a general reply on the subject which is as follows:

"As far as the destruction of pests is concerned there is a slight benefit from whitewashing the trunks of trees. However, this does not kill the pests that are not touched by the whitewash, and thus those on the branches above the whitewashed area are uninjured. Also, it does not kill the borers that are within the trees, although if applied regularly as a good thick coat, about the middle of June, July and August, each year, it will keep the borers out.

"From the standpoint of appearance it is not commendable, as the trees in their natural condition and beauty are much more attractive than those that are whitewashed to look like painted posts. Persons who love Nature are outraged in their finer sensibilities upon seeing natural objects like stones and trees whitewashed, painted or otherwise discolored.

"Whitewashing gives a little benefit. It is certain that it pays far better to boil a little sulfur with the lime, and instead of making a regular whitewash, make the lime-sulfur solution with the sediment present, and apply this either with a brush or with a spray pump. It is not troublesome to boil some sulfur with the lime, and thus make the material an undoubted insecticide and fungicide. This can be applied with a brush just as the whitewash is applied, and it will be far more effective in destroying insects and germs of fungeous diseases, and will be far better for the trees."

Notice to Veterans.

Senator Joseph Alexander writes us from Harrisburg the following, which is self-explanatory:

Harrisburg, Pa.
May 3, 1913.

DEAR EDITOR:

I am receiving many letters from comrades asking how they shall proceed to secure transportation, etc,, to attend the Gettysburg Reunion. Kindly publish in your valuable paper that they should write to Lieut. Col. Lewis E. Beitler, Secretary of the Gettysburg Anniversary Commission, Harrisburg, Pa., for information and blanks.

Very truly yours,
JOSEPH ALEXANDER,
Senator 34th Dis't Pa.

: : : A : : :
Narrow Escape

Never Sleep Two In a Room at a Hotel

By ANDREW C. EWING

During a political convention in Chicago I was obliged to go there on business. The matter that engaged my attention was the settlement of a debt I owed about which there had been a quarrel. In order to be prepared to pay as soon as we should arrive at a stated amount I provided myself with $1,000 in bank bills. I arrived in Chicago at 9 o'clock and went to several hotels without being able to secure a room. Finally I was told at a second class house that I might have one of two beds in a room, the other bed being occupied by a man.

I was tired and sleepy, and I accepted the offer. I had to decide whether I would deposit my money with the landlord or take it to my room with me. Had the house been first class I would certainly have adopted the former course. As it was, I concluded to keep my money with me. It was 10 o'clock when I went to bed. My roommate was not there, so I had a choice of beds. The apartment was long and narrow. One bed was beside the door, which could be opened and shut by the person occupying the bed by reaching out an arm. The other bed was at the other end of the room, near a window.

I selected the bed by the door, which besides the lock was provided with a bolt. I left the door unlocked and unbolted so that my roommate could get in when he came. My pocketbook, containing my bills, I put directly under my pillow. I turned the gas low and lay down, hoping the occupant of the other bed would soon come in, for I was tired and wished to go to sleep. But despite my efforts to keep awake I failed.

I was awakened by his coming, or, rather, the turning up of the gas jet which shone in my eyes. I could see the man very plainly, and the moment I did so I wished I was anywhere than where I was. I did not like the man's appearance. He undressed himself without paying any attention to me, so far as I could see, and, turning out the gas, got into bed. I had expected that he would lock the door, but he didn't.

I tried to satisfy myself that I had imagined the man to look worse than he really was. It also seemed to me that had he any designs upon me he would have noticed me while he was undressing. While thinking about him I fell asleep.

I was awakened by a sound at the other end of the room. I could not tell what caused it, but thought that something had fallen. I listened, but all was still. Then I put my hand under my pillow to make sure that my purse was still there. It was not.

Should I reach out and lock the door, thus confining myself with a robber, or leave him a free egress from the room?

My first impulse was to let him go. My life was worth more to me than the $1,000, but I did not feel like submitting to robbery. It was not the money I was about to lose, but tamely suffering a wrong. As I thought about the latter my courage began to rise and I reached out and locked and bolted the door.

I presumed the man to be armed, but he had no means of ascertaining if I had a weapon until I should attempt to use it upon him. My locking the door might act in several different ways. First, it might seem to him that, having been awakened by the sound, I had heard, even without feeling for my pocketbook, I had reached out to learn if the door had been locked, and, not finding it so, I had locked and bolted it; secondly, it might mean to him that I had missed my money and had resolved to lock him in and fight for it. In the latter case he would be likely to infer that I was armed.

After throwing the bolts I lay perfectly still. It occurred to me that whether the man were in bed or somewhere else in the room, he would make no movement until he had reason to suppose I was at least not meditating any overt act. In order to satisfy him of this I began to breathe hard, like one asleep. Nevertheless I did not change the direction of my vision for a moment from the other end of the room.

There was a faint light coming through the window, and presently I saw a figure darken the latter. Whether it faced me or the window I could not tell, but I knew my enemy was out of bed. That he was near the window was evident from his apparent size. Was he examining an escape from that end of the room?

The silhouette disappeared from before the window, coming, it seemed, toward me. But except when it stood out between me and the window I could not tell where it was. I could hear no sound of the man getting into bed. Indeed, for some time I could hear nothing.

Inaction took away my nerve. I began to regret having locked the door. Had I not done this the robber might have gone peaceably out without murdering me, which he could easily do if he chose. I waited for the next development with a throbbing heart.

Suddenly I saw the silhouette again between me and the window, and this time the right arm was raised in an attitude as if to strike. I sprang out of bed.

A chair stood beyond the door against the wall, and I seized it with a view to raising it as a weapon for defense. I did not do so, for my clothes were on it, and, since I had not been struck, I contented myself with keeping the chair in my grip so that I could swing it at a moment's notice.

I stood there in the dark waiting. I saw nothing of my enemy nor did I hear anything. He must have heard me get out of bed and was doubtless waiting for an advantage. The advantage in one respect was with me. My end of the room was dark, while the window was at his end, and whenever he was between me and it I could see the silhouette of his figure.

I stood for some time with my hand grasping the back of the chair, expecting every moment either to feel cold steel in my vitals or a bullet crashing through me. That the man did not attack me I attributed to the fact that he could not see me. The gas fixture was midway between me and him, but if I had struck a match to light the gas I would have been exposed to any blow he chose to strike. I knew also that he would not so expose himself.

I had read of the old time duel in a dark room and fell into this one of my own naturally. The only difference was that in the old time duel both parties were armed with the same kind of weapon, while I had no weapon at all and did not know how my enemy was armed. I felt sure that he was waiting to locate me, so I kept perfectly still. I even put my hand on my heart, for it beat so loud that it seemed it must give me away.

Suddenly I heard the tread of a shoe on the floor. The man had been putting on his clothes. If he were completely dressed he would feel better protected than I in bare feet and a nightshirt. One feels an advantage behind a defense even if it be clothing. I cowered into the corner.

The window sash went up like a shot. I saw something dark on the sill. It remained there a moment, then disappeared, and I heard something drop on a roof without. The man had escaped me after all.

I scratched a match so that I could see the bell button, pushed it violently and continued to do so till a boy came up to my room.

"I've been robbed," I cried. "The thief has gone out through the window with my pocketbook, containing $1,000. Go down and tell them at the office to call the police and give chase at once."

The boy stood staring at me out of a pair of sleepy eyes, then suddenly turned and ran downstairs. I hurried on my clothes and followed him. The night clerk had telephoned the police, and the patrol wagon was pulling up before the door with a great clatter. I was telling them to hurry after the thief when a man out of breath came in the front door, crying:

"I've nearly escaped being murdered. There's a lunatic or a robber or something in 49. I escaped by the window."

He was my roommate.

"He's lying!" I exclaimed. "He's taken my pocketbook."

There was a babel of voices for awhile, when one of the policemen asked me some questions about the lost money, which led to the party going up to No. 49 to investigate, and a search was made for my pocketbook. It had slipped from under my pillow and fallen from the head of the bed to the floor. Every dollar it had contained was still in it. I didn't know whether my joy at finding my money or my mortification was the greater.

"I beg your pardon," I said shamefacedly to my late enemy.

"I beg yours," he said, with equal abashment.

"What did you get out of bed for?"

"My flask. I couldn't get to sleep and wanted something to quiet me. I dropped the flask."

Those surrounding us began to grin.

"Well," I continued, "why didn't you go back to bed again?"

"From your actions I got afraid of you. I was trying to dress when you jumped out of bed, and I thought you were coming for me."

"I saw you raise your arm to strike."

"Guess I was putting on my shirt and you saw the arm going into the sleeve."

"Well, I'll be hanged!" I replied. "Gentlemen, would you like some champagne?"

"That's on me," said my roommate.

"Mr. Night Clerk, can we get anything?"

The clerk took us into the dining room and brought in a dozen of champagne at the expense of myself and roommate. It was near daylight when we separated, and instead of not liking my enemy's looks I thought him a fine fellow.

Since then, when I go to a hotel and it is proposed to put me in the same room with another person, my remark is:

"Thanks, no; I'll sleep in a pigsty, but not with a roommate."

And yet singular it is that I and the man with whom I was about to fight when he ran away from that duel in the dark room became warm friends. We found we were from the same place and were fellow members of two organizations, one of which was a regiment of militia. At supper, after drill, I tell of my prowess on that memorable occasion how I bravely locked myself in with a robber and how I defended myself with nothing more formidable than a chair against a supposable six shooter. Then I contrast this bravery with my enemy's disgraceful flight through a window. When I describe his appearance at the front entrance of the hotel he turns the joke against me by asking me when I return to the insane asylum.

Hunt For a Hangman.

The British army was once in difficulties through the lack of a hangman. Murder was committed by a soldier in the Crimea, but nobody could be found to carry out the sentence of the court martial. It was announced that £20 and a free discharge would be granted to the man undertaking the task. At last a man did volunteer. He was a newcomer to the army. On the night prior to the date fixed for the execution they locked up the hangman in a stable to keep him safe. In the morning the party at the gallows waited, but there was no hangman. He had gone mad during the night or else he was now simulating madness. The officer in command turned to one of his captains with, "Captain, you will have the goodness to hang the prisoner!" The captain changed countenance, but he pulled himself together and appealed to the sergeants with, "Which of you will hang this man?" And to spare his captain one of the men volunteered. He afterward had the satisfaction of flogging the man who had volunteered and failed.—London Standard.

Found the Sneeze.

The overanxious father of three charming daughters, after his family had sought seclusion for the night, caught somewhere in the distance the echo of a sneeze.

At once, in dressing gown and slippers, he padded down the hall and knocked at the nearest door.

"Jane, my dear, did you sneeze?"

"No, papa."

Tap-tap at the adjoining door.

"Mary, my love, was that you sneezing?"

"No, indeed, papa dear."

Pad-pad to the door at the end of the corridor.

"Margaret, my pet, I heard a sneeze. Was it you?"

"Oh, no, papa, dearest."

Just then the guest room door, halfway down the corridor, opened a hand's breadth, and the mild voice of an old lady guest, who had retired early, issued forth:

"I am extremely sorry, Mr. Brown, it was I who sneezed."—New York Sun.

Artificial Ears.

Artificial ears are so skillfully made that they may with difficulty be distinguished from natural ones, it is claimed. When the individual who has lost an ear applies to the manufacturer for a substitute, there is made a mold of the remaining ear. If there be left any part of the other a mold of that part also must be taken to assist in the fitting of the artificial. Manufacturers assert that no two ears are alike and that it takes a skillful workman to prepare an ear from the mold or molds. When finished the new ear is pasted on the stump or simply set in the position of the lost ear. It is really only the first artificial ear that is expensive, the chief cost pertaining to the making of the mold. Vulcanized rubber, which can be bent and twisted, has been found to constitute the best material for the making of artificial ears.—Harper's Weekly.

Xerxes Made Mount Athos an Island.

Mount Athos is unlikely ever to be turned into an island again, as it was by Xerxes. The canal which he cut through the isthmus was regarded as a myth even in the time of Juvenal, but traces of it are still in existence.

One circumstance of its construction, recorded by Herodotus, may help to explain why it was a three years' business to cut this canal of less than twelve furlongs. Nearly all the peoples employed by Xerxes dug straight down, with the result that the sides continually fell in, thus doubling their work. The Phoenicians, with their superior intelligence, began excavating at a breadth much greater than the canal itself was to occupy, so as gradually to narrow with a convenient slope as they dug down.

London's Street Traffic.

It was not until about thirty years ago that London's existing system of regulating traffic at street corners was instituted. At the beginning it required four policemen at every important junction to do with difficulty what two constables and sometimes one now effect by a motion of the hand. But the men in blue stuck to their task and hung on to horses' heads and summoned rebellious drivers till the reign of law and order was established.

A Bigger Dose.

"My doctor ordered two weeks at the seashore."

"He's a homeopath, isn't he?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Two weeks is a small dose. I'd go to an allopath and see if I couldn't get a trip to Europe."—Washington Herald.

Very Different.

Blinkers — Hello, Winkers! I hear you married a woman with an independent fortune. Winkers (sadly)—N-no. I married a fortune with an independent woman.

Cool Spot.

Fussy Old Lady—I want two good seats for this afternoon in the coolest part of the house. Ticket Agent—All right, madam. Here are two in Z row.—Life.

Easy.

"Have you any trouble naming the baby?"

"Not at all. We've only one rich relative of her sex."—Detroit Free Press.

Misplaced Confidence.

"Are Jinks' misfortunes due to misplaced confidence, as he claims?"

"Yes; he rated his own ability too high."—Buffalo Express.

RECALLS CHANCELLORSVILLE

Harry Warfel Writes Letter from Historic Battlefield.

Justice of the Peace Harry C. Warfel, of Philipsburg, who is well known in Bellefonte, last week visited the historic battlefield at Chancellorsville, Va., and on Thursday he wrote the following interesting letter to the Journal of Philipsburg:

After a lapse of fifty years I am here today looking over the ground on which occurred one of the hardest fought battles of the civil war. The field is located ten miles west of Fredericksburg, on the old Plank Road leading to Orange Court House, and three miles from United States Ford on the Rappahannock river.

The battle commenced on May 1st, 1863—fifty-seven days before the battle of Gettysburg—and lasted four days. The number of men engaged, all told, was 196,000. The union troops were commanded by "Fighting Joe Hooker," and the confederates by Robert E. Lee. The total loss (both sides) was 29,577, and the only thing accomplished was the defeat of our army.

The surroundings are but very little changed in all these years. The lay of the land is just the same as it was a half century ago. The earth works we threw up in a night are yet in a good state of preservation—almost as plain as when we left them on the morning of May 3rd, when we were flanked out of position. From our part of the line we had an elegant view of the charge of Stonewall Jackson's division trying to turn our right flank and in which he succeeded. The sight was one never to be forgotten—when eighty pieces of our artillery opened on the advancing columns of the enemy. This occurred on an open plain in front of the Chancellor House. It being at night there was no Joshua to command the sun to "stand still." The scene was dreadfully grand. The entire field was lighted up with the blaze of artillery fire. The blowing up of caissons and ammunition chests and the cannon belching forth their shot and shell, causing the earth to tremble for miles around, with the rattle of musketry, cheers of the Union soldiers and school-boy yells of the Confederates, made it seem as though the lower regions were turned loose. In this charge General Stonewall Jackson was mortally wounded and died eight days later. His last words, a most beautiful expression, were: "Let us pass over the river and rest under the shade of the trees."

Today all is quiet—not a sound to be heard except the little birds in the overhead branches chirping merrily, with "none to molest or make them afraid." But those hits come faster than I can put them in shape and I may not only tire your readers, but consume space that could be used to better advantage.

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A Chase For a Wife

She Led the Chaser a Pretty Dance

By F. A. MITCHEL

There was a ring at the telephone bell at the University club, and a waiter answered the summons.

"Is Mr. Kennard in the club?"

"I'll see, sir. Hold the wire."

A messenger was sent scurrying through the apartments and found Kennard engaged in a game of poker in one of the private rooms.

"You're wanted at the telephone, sir."

Kennard went to the telephone booth and asked who had called him.

"I am Mr. Gaffney of Gaffney, Calderwood & Funk, attorneys. We have a telegram from correspondents in San Francisco announcing the death of Norman L. Kennard"—

"My uncle!"

"He has bequeathed his fortune to you, but there is a condition involving a limit of time which induced our correspondent to use the telegraph instead of the mail. I would recommend you to call at our office at once since what we have to communicate is not exactly the thing to be transmitted over a telephone."

"Call a cab," said Mr. Kennard, and in ten minutes he was in Mr. Gaffney's private office, where the telegram that announced his uncle's death was shown him. It contained a brief clause of the will that, since the testator wished that his fortune should be kept together and desired his stepdaughter, Agatha Burch, to share in it, the inheritance was conditional on Kennard marrying Miss Burch. The limit of time was short, being but six weeks, and Miss Burch, who was a great traveler, was abroad.

Mr. Kennard "got busy" at once. A steamer would sail in six hours, and he spent most of this time telegraphing to learn the whereabouts of Miss Burch. Unfortunately no one knew just where to locate her. Her permanent address was Paris, from whence her mail was forwarded to her. Kennard determined to make straight for that city, where he would learn the last order given for the forwarding of mail.

During the voyage his mind was continually on the matter before him. He had never seen Miss Burch, but had heard that she had been something of a belle in San Francisco society, was pretty and of an independent and a fearless disposition. She had been abroad several times and each time had penetrated farther into barbarous countries. Indeed, it was surmised that her stepfather, who was opposed to her ramblings, had refrained from bequeathing her any part of his fortune outright since it would leave her free to continue them rather than settling down in a permanent home. She had been his sole reliance in a domestic way, and he had been bitterly opposed to this trip she had taken. She was very fond of her stepfather, but so great was her passion for visiting out of the way lands that she had promised him if he would consent to this one trip she would never go on another. When she left he was perfectly well, but soon after sickened and died, with no one to smooth his pillow except a hired nurse. The peculiar will was the result of this lamentable situation.

When Kennard reached Paris he betook himself to the branch office of a banking house in the Place Vendome, where he learned that the last place designated for forwarding Miss Burch's mail was Vienna. At the time war had just been declared between the Balkan states and the Turks.

"For heaven's sake!" exclaimed Kennard. "I hope her mania for seeing things won't lead her to visit the theater of war. If I have to hunt for her there it will be like looking for a needle in a haystack."

Taking the first train for Vienna he had the bad luck to meet with an accident and was delayed twelve hours. On reaching Vienna he learned that Miss Burch had left four hours before his arrival. Orders had been left at the office of her hotel to forward mail to Belgrade, the capital of Servia. There was no train for that point till evening, and he was obliged to lounge about Vienna nearly all day. When the hour for departure came he was told that owing to the unsettled conditions and the mobilization of troops there was no prospect of getting through on scheduled time. This added to his discomfiture, and each day, each hour, the fear grew upon him that he might not catch the lady in time.

Kennard was delayed two days in Budapest owing to the railway equipment being used in the movement of troops and did not reach Belgrade until the end of the third day after leaving Vienna. On reaching his destination he drove hurriedly to the address Miss Burch had left at her hotel and learned that she had taken a train for Bukharest, in Roumania.

"Great Scott!" ejaculated the pursuing man. "She's getting nearer and nearer to the fighting. Suppose she should be killed! I wonder if the will makes any provision in case of her death before I can marry her."

Before leaving America he had asked the attorney to write out such information as he might need, and now taking out the paper containing it he found the words, "A marriage as early as possible is desirable, for in case of the death of either party interested the property would go to the institutions designated."

"There's another danger," growled Kennard. "The confounded girl is going right down among a barbarous people who are killing one another right and left. She's sure to fall by the hand of some bloodthirsty Turk. However, Roumania doesn't seem to be mixed up in the affair at present, and if she will only stay there it will be all right. But time is getting short."

Then he began to think of the matter of a courtship. A girl who would be so reckless as to go down into a region where a bloody war was going on might be silly enough to refuse a fortune that was attached to a man she didn't happen to fancy. And even if she fancied him would she forego that sentimental nonsense called a courtship?

When Kennard reached Bukharest he learned that a young woman answering Miss Burch's description had gone to Sofia, in Bulgaria, but as to Miss Burch as a certainty he had lost the trail. Since he could not find her in Bukharest there seemed nothing for him to do but to go to Sofia.

On reaching the capital of Bulgaria he found everything in turmoil. Troops were being dispatched to the front, and everybody was busy forwarding supplies and munitions of war. Kennard went the rounds of the hotels and on the register of one found the name of Agatha Burch, U. S. A.

"I wish to see that lady at once," said the pursuing lover to the proprietor, pointing to the name on the book.

"That young lady! She's gone."

"Gone! Gone where?"

"Let me see what address she left for her letters. Ah, here it is! 'Forward letters with the army mail.' Now I remember—that's the American girl who organized a corps of nurses."

"She's a fool!" cried Kennard, beside himself with irritation.

"A fool! I beg your pardon, sir. The young lady made herself very much admired and beloved here. It was a noble act for her to"—

"Noble nonsense! She's demented, crazy for mingling with new and exciting scenes. There's a large fortune waiting for her in America, and if she gets killed she will lose it."

"Of course she can have no use for a fortune if she is dead, but what is that to you?"

"Why, you muttonhead! I'll lose a fortune, too, and a wife."

"It seems to me that it is you who are demented."

Well, there was nothing left for Kennard but to follow the army that had gone in the direction of Adrianople. As for the ordinary means of transportation, that was not to be thought of. So he bought a horse and, mounted, pursued his way.

There was terrible fighting between the allies and the Turks, and Kennard made no headway whatever in finding Agatha Burch, though he used every means that presented itself for reaching her. At one time he drove an army supply wagon; at another he passed himself off for a newspaper correspondent. Lastly he took a gun and marched with an infantry regiment. But here he got more than he had bargained for. The force he was with went into battle with the Turks, and he was obliged to fight.

"What folly!" he exclaimed. "This girl by her idiocy has not only endangered her life, but mine, and there's a million dollars waiting for us at home with which to see the world in a rational manner."

Suddenly Kennard was turned clear around by the force of a bullet, and his legs dropped under him. He was trampled by those behind.

"Why in thunder," he groaned, "didn't that uncle of mine leave me his fortune without sending me after such a woman? But I don't blame him for not leaving any of it to her direct. She'd use it to visit the south pole."

The last man who stepped over Kennard ground a hobnail boot in his face. This made him a sight to behold. He lost consciousness, and the next thing he knew a woman with a red cross on her arm was pouring some liquor down his throat. Kennard had seen a number of Red Cross nurses during his marches, and every time he saw one he made inquiries for the nurse he wanted. He asked this one if she knew an American Red Cross nurse named Burch, and she said Miss Burch was the head of her corps of nurses. She was on the field directing the succor of the wounded. Kennard begged his informant to call her chief. She did so, but it was more than an hour before Miss Burch came.

"Are you the American who desires to see me?" she asked of the much mutilated, dirty and bloody Kennard.

"Yes."

"Well, what can I do for you?"

"Marry me."

"Marry you!"

The look of repulsion at his appearance was discouraging.

"Are you Agatha Burch?"

"Yes."

"Well, your stepfather is dead and left his fortune to me, his nephew, with the provision that I marry you within six weeks after the probate of the will."

"My goodness gracious! Suppose I refuse?"

"You get nothing; neither do I."

"How much time is left?"

"I think about a week."

"That's lucky. If I had to say 'Yes' right now I'd decline. Perhaps in a week I can get you to look like a human being. We'll see."

Within the seven days Miss Burch could see in the wounded Kennard the semblance of a good looking man, and she accepted the conditions of the will.

"That uncle of mine and your stepfather was no fool," remarked the groom after the ceremony had been performed. "I'll see that you settle down."

Fewer Flies, Fewer Graves.

There is not the slightest doubt but that the less number of flies alive in summer time or any time of the year the less sickness there is about and the fewer new graves there will be in the cemetery. To think that the fly is a valuable scavenger, as some would lead us to believe, is a great mistake. It is not a scavenger in the sense of purifying things, but, on the other hand, always the distributer of filth and germs and, with the germs, disease.—A. B. Olsen in Good Health.

Why They Wanted to Win.

We knew of only one case in which a man has tried to select a wife by a competitive examination. Fifteen ladies entered for the matrimonial prize and sat down to a paper of questions of which the following are samples:

Name seven kinds of pie and describe how each is prepared. Do you advocate the use of chewing rings for teething children? Give in 100 words your views on suitable dress when married.

The climax came when the man who sent the paper proposed to the winner. She refused him point blank, and so did the other fourteen.—London Tit-Bits.

Sign of the Portuguese Barber.

In almost all foreign countries the gentlemen whose business it is to cut hair have some peculiar sign whereby they seek more or less successfully to remind the passerby that he needs a haircut. Nowhere, perhaps, is this sign of the trade more distinctive than in Portugal. It is twofold—sometimes a huge pair of scissors, sometimes a horse's tail, which gracefully dangles over the threshold of the hair cutting emporiums. The latter sign is by far the most popular and is especially noticeable in Oporto. It naturally suggests that one's hair is growing inordinately long, and nobody cares for an excess of hair, except the rising poet.—Strand Magazine.

Rapid Growth.

The most remarkable instance of rapid growth was recorded by the French academy in 1729. It was a boy six years of age five feet six inches in height. At the age of five his voice changed; at six his beard had grown and he appeared a man of thirty. He possessed great physical strength and could easily lift to his shoulders and carry bags of grains weighing 200 pounds. His decline was as rapid as his growth. At eight his hair and beard were gray; at ten he tottered in his walk, his teeth fell out and his hands became palsied; at twelve he died with every outward sign of extreme old age.

Crocodiles and the Cure.

One does not usually connect crocodiles with a health resort—rather the reverse—but the creatures are quite a feature of the Indian bathing place of Manghapir, about nine miles from Karachi. This town is a place of pilgrimage for pious Hindus, but it is chiefly famous for the value of its waters in the cure of the dread scourge of leprosy. The waters are hot, and more than 60 per cent of the sufferers who bathe there annually, it is said, are cured. The crocodiles are rather noteworthy in that they live in the hot water, apparently suffering no inconvenience from its temperature or medicinal qualities.—Wide World Magazine.

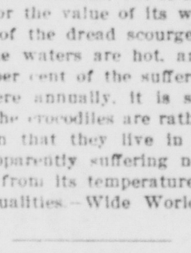
What Red Coral Is.

The red coral that is used for necklaces is a horny axis which supports a number of soft bodied, coral-like animals, or polyps, the entire structure bearing a strong resemblance to a small shrub. The fishermen, after they have brought this shrublike colony to the surface, clean the soft animal matter away, preserving the red core, or axis, which is sold as jewelry. Although red coral contains some lime, it is largely composed of a substance akin to horn, and, like horn, it takes a fine polish. Horn, wool and other animal substances of this nature almost invariably change their color when brought into intense heat.

Wholly Witless.

"Did you say he was half witted?"

"No; I only said he would be half witted if he had a little more sense."—Exchange.



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Doan's Kidney Pills have been used in kidney trouble over 50 years, have been tested in thousands of cases.

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Expensive Potato Pest.

There is a new pest in the potato world, announces the Department of Agriculture, and it goes by the name of Phthorimea operculella zell. It cost two potato growers in California last year $90,000 and $70,000. Others have suffered and there is danger of the pest spreading. The pest has recently been received from China. There seems to be no way of stopping the spread of the insect except by a quarantine against potatoes where the pest is found and the destruction of all infected potatoes and potato and related plants and a rotation of crops with the leguminous.

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Central R. R. of Penna. Train Schedule.

Leave,
Bellefonte for Mill Hall. 7:05 A. M., 2:20 and 6:45 P. M.
Leave,
Mill Hall for Bellefonte, 8:37 A. M., 3:06 and 8:35 P M.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD. On and after Monday, Jan. 25th, 1909 trains will run as follows from the P. R. R. station.

TRAINS TO STATE COLLEGE.

	WESTWARD.	1 A. M.	3 A. M.	5 P. M
Lv.	Bellefonte	‡ 6.30	‡ 10.15	‡ 2.00
	Coleville	6.35	10.0	2.07
	Morris	f 6.38	.....	f 2.12
	Stevens	f 6.43	.....	f 2.17
	Hunters Park	f 6.46	.....	f 2.21
	Fillmore	f 6.50	f 10.34	f 2.26
	Briarly	f 6.55	.....	f 2.33
	Waddles	7.00	10.45	2.35
	Krumrine	f 7.12	.....	f 2.50
	State College	7. 5	11.10	3.20
	Strubles	f 7. 7	.....	.....
	Bloomsdorf	f 7.31	.....	.....
	Pine Grove Mills	7.35	.....	3.40

* Daily. ‡ Daily except Sunday. "f" Stop flag

TRAINS FROM STATE COLLEGE.

	EASTWARD	2 A. M.	4 A. M.	
Lv.	Pine Grove Mills	7.35	.....	f 3.20
	Bloomsdorf	f 7.40	.....	.....
	Strubles	f 7.45	.....	3.30
	State College	8.00	.....	f 5.03
	Krumrine	f 8.07	.....	f 5.00
	Waddles		11.50	f 5.25
	Briarly	f		f 5.27
	Fillmore	f		f 5.38
	Hunters Park	f 8.31		f 5.40
	Stevens	f 8.35		f 5.40
	Morris	f 8.37	.....	f 5.40
	Coleville	8.40	.....	f 5.50
A.	Bellefonte	8.50	.....	f 4.00

Morning trains from Montandon, Lewisburg, Williamsport Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 3 and 5 for State College. Trains from trains from Montandon, Lewisburg Williamsport, Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 5 for State College. Trains from State College connect with Penna. R. R. trains at Bellefonte to points east and west.

F. H. THOMAS, Supt.

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SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

Here and There.

Mr. and Mrs. William Derstine visited over Sunday with their son, Frank, in Altoona.

Lewis L. Wallace, the contractor of this place, was a visitor to Altoona on Masonic business on last Saturday evening.

Mrs. Louise Bush was moved down stairs at her home on Tuesday and is slowly recovering from her broken hip injury of last fall.

William B. Joslyn, of Philadelphia, a prominent Free Mason, spent a few days of the forepart of this week with the Bellefonte brethren.

Have you tried the great summer drink, "Liggett's Orangeade" at Green's Soda Fountain? It is very refreshing—is made from the fruit.

Barnum & Bailey's circus was in Altoona on Monday and attracted an enormous crowd. Persons who attended reported it to be a wonderful show

P. H. McClellan, of Williamsport, who is a representative of the International Correspondence School, of Scranton, is a visitor to Bellefonte and State College this week.

Miss Francis Rapp has resigned her position in the Finklestine store in the Bush Arcade, formerly run by George T. Bush, and expects to go to New York in the near future.

The Men's Bible class of the United Brethren church will hold a meeting on Friday evening, next, at 7.30 o'clock, at which an address will be delivered by Rev. Mr. Hoover.

Mrs. Benjamin Brown and three children departed on Sunday for Niagara Falls, where Mr. Brown is employed and in which place they will make their home in the future.

Misses Elsie and Verna Geiss, formerly of Centre Hall, are now located at No. 1702 Greene Street, Philadelphia, in charge of an apartment house, where they will be pleased to have persons visiting the city stop with them.

S. O. Daggett, proprietor of the Wilcox House, at Wellsboro, Tioga County, visited over Sunday in Bellefonte with his brother, W. L. Daggett, proprietor of the Bush House, returning to Wellsboro on Tuesday morning.

L. C. Bullock, Jr., proprietor of the White Grotto Cafe at State College, is at the Wills Eye Hospital in Philadelphia for an operation on his eyes. It will be necessary for him to remain there probably two weeks.

Remember that the curtain goes up at 8.15, sharp, at the Academy minstrels, May 15 and 16. No delay in the performance will be permitted and all who desire will thereby be enabled to take in the dances after the show on both nights.

Francis Musser, Joe Torsel, Guy Kline, John Saylor and Arthur Beezer went up to Altoona on Sunday to see the big Barnum & Bailey circus arrive and remained over Monday to witness the performance.

The Knights of the Golden Eagle will march in a body to the United Brethren church next Sunday morning to hear a special sermon by Rev. C. W. Winey, the pastor. Members of the lodge are requested to meet at the lodge room at 9.30 a. m. sharp.

Perry Alter, American Express Co. agent in Bellefonte, returned to work on Monday after a ten days' vacation, which he enjoyed with Mrs. Alter at Lamar. Trout fishing occupied a part of his time while away and he managed to catch about 30 beauties.

Prof. J. J. Lejeal, the well known piano tuner, is in Bellefonte on his regular trip. During the three weeks that he is here he expects to be able to attend to the needs of his numerous patrons. Orders for him may be left at Beezer's meat market.

William H. Dukeman was down at his old stamping ground at Curtin on Monday, doing a little fishing and taking a day off in general. He is in the railroad service and recently was transferred from Clearfield to Altoona. He is a brother of Chief of Police Dukeman, of this place.

The business men's meeting last Friday evening in the Arbitration room of the Court House though having a small attendance had some pretty lively discussions on topics of interest to the business community of Bellefonte. A meeting is held there the first Friday of each month.

J. C. Geirth, James Rine and William Faust, of Altoona, motored to Bellefonte in the former's car on Saturday and visited over Sunday at the James Rine home. Mr. Faust was especially interested in the Academy-Altoona baseball game at Hughes field on Saturday afternoon, although the big score in favor of the Academy was not exactly to his liking. James Rine is in the employ of Mr. Geirth at Altoona.

A. R. Richards, one of the publishers of the Philipsburg "Ledger," was a genial and welcome caller at "The Republican" office on Saturday, last. Since Mr. Richards has taken hold of the "Ledger" it has greatly improved in appearance, its news columns are bright and interesting and the subscription list has been growing at both ends.

A number of monster trout have been caught in Bellefonte in the last few days. Lawyer Kline Woodring was fishing just below the Central Railroad of Penna. station a few evenings ago and wondering why he had no luck at all when he felt a sharp tug at his hook. He landed a trout that measured almost 20 inches. A day or two later John Wagner pulled out a 19 inch trout. Joe Thal snagged one about the same length at the falls, opposite Noll's laundry. On Monday morning Clayt. Brown caught one measuring 17 inches near the Central station.

Joe Knisely, who is in a Philadelphia hospital under the care of a specialist, will be able to again have the use of the leg which was so badly injured in the automobile accident near Zion some time ago. When he was taken to the city last week his leg was in such condition that it was feared amputation might become necessary. It will be recalled that the knee was badly sprained and twisted. For some reason or other the knee refused to respond to treatment and was gradually drawing up. Word received from Philadelphia is to the effect that Joe now can straighten out the injured leg and that there is every reason to anticipate a complete recovery.

Miss Nellie Conley is entertaining Miss Edith Craig, of Altoona.

Mrs. Ellen Shadel is quite ill at her home on Thomas Street.

Mrs. Stuart, of State College, is a guest of Miss Myra Humes.

Mrs. W. Harrison Walker visited over Sunday with friends in Tyrone.

Colonel and Mrs. J. L. Spangler visited with Harrisburg friends on Monday.

Mrs. Howard Turner, of Julian, was a shopping visitor in town on Tuesday.

William G. Runkle was a week-end visitor at the Knochie home at Gatesburg.

Mrs. Thomas A. Shoemaker departed for New York on Wednesday of last week.

Miss Louise Armor visited over Sunday with her sister, Mrs, Claude Jones, in Tyrone.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Decker were Altoona visitors on Monday, attracted there by the circus.

Dr. DeLaun Stewart and George A. Beezer made a business trip to Philipsburg on Monday.

Mrs. William Fitzgerald is entertaining her sister, Mrs. W. M. Dietrick, of Williamsport.

Mr. and Mrs. O. G. Morgan, of Snow Shoe, were in town yesterday attending to some shopping.

Be sure and attend "The Old Maids' Club" tomorrow evening at Petriken Hall. Admission 25c.

Miss Adeline Olewine last night entertained at cards in honor of her guest, Mrs. Hughes, of Scranton.

Mrs. Harry Tate, who has been in Philadelphia for the last six weeks, returned home on Saturday evening.

Dr. Hewitt will address the Parent—Teacher association on Tuesday evening, May 13, at the High School building.

Charles McCoy, Sr., of Thomas Street, spent several days this week with his daughter, Mrs. J. Ray Hoy, in Altoona.

Use White Hellebore upon your plants, and flowers to destroy the bugs—Plenty of it to be had at Green's Pharmacy Co.

Mrs. Edward P. Irvin returned to Bellefonte on Sunday evening from Cherry Tree, where she had been visiting for a week.

Mrs. W. C. Cassidy, Mrs. William Katz, Miss Mary Saylor and Miss Carrie Anderson were visitors to Altoona on Monday to see the circus.

George T. Bush, Frank E. Nagley and William Brachbill were not too old to travel to Altoona and take in the circus on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Arnold, who have been abroad for two years and a half, are guests of Mrs. Arnold's parents, Judge and Mrs. Ellis L. Orvis.

Have you joined the new library? A few more pledges will insure its being installed. The leading people of the town are supporting it. Why not also on?—Ad.

Charles Moerschbacher and little daughter, Bertha, were visitors to Williamsport a few days ago. Their mission was to consult with Dr. Haskins regarding Bertha's eyes.

Miss Kate McGowan, of Bellefonte, spent a very delightful day on Monday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Christ Beezer, below Milesburg, as the guest of Miss Elizabeth Kelley.

William H. Brown, right hand man at Schad's plumbing shop, has been engaged the a last few weeks installing bathrooms in number of homes at Hays Run. He will probably finish the job some time this week.

Mr. and Mrs. George B. Thompson and two children, of Alto, and Mrs. George Sellers, of Lemont, went to Altoona on Saturday to see the "Garden of Allah" at the Mishler theatre, and also take in the Barnum & Bailey circus, returning home on Tuesday.

"Major" Andy Young is not only a printer but nowadays is a grandfather. A little son was born on Saturday to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Saxion and Grandpa Andy hustles down to work earlier than ever to prevent persons suspecting that he is getting so far along in years.

Rev. and Mrs. R. Crittenden depart today for their new home at Bethlehem. During the last few days numerous little farewell functions have been held in their honor. Some of the Presbyterian friends of the venerable missioner presented him with a purse of gold.

J. Edward Decker, one of the clerks at the Pennsylvania freight station, last Sunday morning lost a bunch of keys somewhere between the Court House and the freight station. He trusts that the finder is one of those honest persons we occasionally read about and that the keys will be returned promptly.

Frank C. Clark, of New York, who ran such a successful excursion around the world, which George T. Bush and his sister took in, contemplates another with the charter of a large ocean liner which will travel East and make a complete circuit, going through the Suez and Panama canals. It will start from the States in January, 1915.

Next Sunday morning, May 11th, the service at the Methodist Episcopal church of Bellefonte will appropriately recognize "Mothers' Day." Several young persons will have part of the hour, special "Mothers' Day" music will be rendered, the Helping Hand Society will give loving recognition to every mother who is present, and the pastor will give a brief sermon suitable to the time. At the evening preaching hour the Rev. B. C. Conner, D. D., President of Williamsport Dickinson Seminary, will preach the Educational Sermon for the Conference year. A general and cordial invitation is given for both these services.

The Study Class will meet on Monday evening, May 12, at 8 o'clock in the High School building. The subject, "The Public Schools" will be introduced by Earl C. Musser, a member of the High School Faculty. He will talk on the following divisions: "The History of the Public Schools;" "Schools in the Cities;" "Schools in the County;" "The Public Schools in Penna;" and "The Public Schools and the Votes." Mr. Musser is so thoroughly acquainted with his subject that he will give much valuable information. Every body is invited to be present.

OUT OF JAIL; IN AGAIN

Harry Meese Dug His Way Out of Cell But Was Soon Captured.

Harry Meese, better known as "Beany," wearied of his quarters at the Bellefonte jail and early Monday night made his escape. He was located early yesterday morning in the Thomas Speece home, at Coleville. Meese did not surrender before making an attempt to elude the officers. Although clad in his nightclothes he crawled out of a second-floor window onto a porch roof and then down a post. Policeman Knisely was a few feet away and covered Meese with a gun. Meese then wilted, gave himself up and was returned to a cell at the jail. Originally he was locked up on the charge of chicken stealing. For the more serious offense of jail breaking he probably will receive a term in the penitentiary.

When Meese's escape was first discovered the jail officials were mystified as to how he had managed it. They suspected that he had in some manner made a key and unlocked the cell-room door. Later they discovered that he had ripped out a piece of flooring in the first cell to the left on the ground floor, then had dug through a wall into the cellar of the residence section. Once in the cellar it was a simple matter for him to reach the jail kitchen, then out into the jail yard and over the wall to freedom. It had taken him a month to do the trick.

The theory of the officials that Meese would visit Coleville before skipping out for parts unknown proved to be correct. His wife was at the Thomas Speece home and there a search was made about 3 o'clock yesterday morning. With Deputy Sheriff Rowe, Chief of Police Dukeman and Policeman Knisely were Harry Gehret and Fred Lane. Another house was searched first but Meese was not there. Then the Speece home was visited and surrounded. Mr. Speece said that Meese was not there. He added that if Meese was there he did not know of it. A few seconds later Meese was out of the second-floor window, onto a porch roof and down a post only to find himself looking into Policeman Knisely's gun. His temporary spurt for freedom was over.

On the way back to jail Meese described how he had escaped. He indifferently remarked that once he had reached the wall of the jail cellar it was easy sailing. A few taps on the wall indicated a hollow point and a little digging brought him into a chimney. He seemed to think that his month's work in getting out was worth while and remarked that had he only had a brick when the officers appeared at the Speece home he would have "used it and taken chances."

Meese said that when he started to leave the jail the evening train from Tyrone was just pulling into the station and that he was out and down below the Gamble-Gheen mill in time to see the train passing on its way back to Milesburg. Sheriff Lee says that Meese's wife visited him at the jail on the night before he escaped. There are nine prisoners in the jail and it is the belief of the Sheriff that all but possibly two certainly knew of Meese's preparations to escape.

Meese was given a hearing before Squire Brown yesterday afternoon and bound over for court. He accused John Taylor, another prisoner, with having inspired the escape and said that Taylor had made the key with which the door to Meese's cell was unlocked. Meese also claimed that when he was making his escape Taylor stood guard to give the warning should any of the officials show up. It is possible that Taylor may be charged with aiding in the escape. Taylor's term expires June 9th.

Until further notice morning services will be held in St. John's Reformed church at 10.30 and Sunday School at 9.30 a. m. Next Sunday morning Whit-Sunday and Mothers-Day services will be held. In the evening at 7.30 Dr. Schmidt will take as his subject, "Paul's Estimate and Knowledge of Athletics."

Little Miss Larue Shaeffer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harvey P. Shaeffer was 4 years old on Saturday of last week and in honor of the occasion she was hostess at a birthday anniversary party at which eight or ten of her young friends were guests. As might well be imagined, all present had the nicest kind of a time.

Several Bellefonte physicians yesterday went to Lock Haven to attend a dinner given last night by the Lock Haven Medical Society in honor of Dr. Watson, of that place. The event was planned as a tribute to Dr. Watson on his having completed fifty years of active practice in medicine.

Mr. and Mrs. William A. Magee, returning from Canada, stopped over in Bellefonte for a short time on Tuesday evening. They were enroute to Centre Hall, where they will visit for a few days with Mrs. Magee's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Huyett, before taking up their residence in Philadelphia.

The plan of having no intermission but one continuous show at the Academy minstrels, May 15 and 16, has apparently struck a popular chord. There is quite a lot of curiosity regarding the jokes the Academy boys have up their sleeve. The jokes will be brand new, the songs will be up-to-date and the clog dancing will be typical of the old-fashioned minstrel show. All indications are that the minstrels this year will be the best ever presented by the Academy boys

An illustrated lecture will be given in the High School building at eight o'clock on Wednesday evening, May 14th, by Prof. George Resides of the Manual Training Department at State College. The lecture will emphasize domestic and imported cabinet woods, cutting and using of veneers, etc., and will be particularly instructive to those who are interested in furniture. As the subject is one of vital importance to the home, every effort is being made to be of service, hence, the lecture will be free, and a cordial invitation is extended to all to be present.

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